

No. 2789

Library

BOSTON EC

N. B.

Library of
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VII, No. 40.—AUGUST, 1874.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

It is an old, old story, yet one ever new with the beauty of truth, that anecdote of Canute, the Danish King of England, sitting upon the seashore at Dover, surrounded by flattering courtiers, who tell him in their deceitful words, that he is lord of all things by his royal power, while he, penetrating the spirit of their lying adulation, confounds their disgusting sycophancy by commanding the ocean to pour its tide no further; yet breaker after breaker, unheeding his royal command, casts, as if in mock submission, its wealth of foam nearer and nearer at his feet, till the king and his company are obliged to retreat to save themselves from the engulfing billows; when he, king in soul as well as in power, turning upon his attendants, reproves them in scathing tones, for that blasphemous and false courtesy which would attribute to a mortal man, albeit a crowned conqueror, the prerogatives which belong alone to Him who is KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

People do not see things either by mental or optical vision all alike in this world, nor do some of them, unfortunately, "read life's lessons all aright." There is indeed a beauty and utility in diversity, when it is ordained by the divine economy, but when this variety of vision and sentiment is not regulated by that line of beauty traced according to the laws of TRUTH, unfortunate mistakes are made in the calculation, both of present facts or possible results; thus, for instance, almost every man or woman boasting of the smallest amount of education, has read in his or her juvenile days, the aforesaid story of King Canute; and while all have drawn therefrom a beautiful moral, yet not all have applied its teachings rightly. Among these latter, Mr. Thomas Nast, the dubiously celebrated, yet not the less able, cartoonist of *Harper's Weekly*, saw proper, while looking around some months since for new allegories wherewith to recuperate his pencil, exhausted in its active carica-

turing of the Catholic Church and its divinely appointed ministers,—a pencil which its wielder deems as mighty as a sword, in his Quixotic efforts at artistic tilting,—hit upon this fine old anecdote as a capital source of inspiration for his mental photography, from which he reproduced, with some slight changes, the following picture. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, personified as a pontifical Canute, was represented as sitting upon the Tiberian strand, commanding the breakers to approach no further towards his sacred feet. Very fierce were these breakers, according to Mr. Nast's delineation; very mighty in their wrath, lashed by the storm-clouds around and about them. And their respective names were labelled on their foam-crested fronts, "*Italian occupation of Rome, German unification, French republicanism, Spanish liberalism*, and all the other *ations and isms* they represent, were pouring their yawning billows at his feet, as he sat commandingly in his pontifical rocking-chair. To the right of the picture, the dome of the capitol at Washington, serving as a throne to the sculptured figure of American liberty, shone resplendently through the storm-tossed elements. No flattering courtiers, however, stood about the old mitred man in the rocking-chair; not one insidious fawner was there to soothe his ear, pained by the roarings of the storm, or his mind, supposed to be agonized by its unfettered approach; only one attendant could he boast, and that one a rival in deceit, blasphemy, and villany, to the whole of Canute's court, as with malicious leer he, in the pencilled form of Victor Emmanuel, "*King of Italy*," reclined with one arm upon the back of the pontiff's chair, and with the hand of the other twirled, with all the *Re galantuomo's* nonchalance, his extensive mustache, while, with far-fetched

ideas of artistic unity, he was pictured as whispering to the Pope, in the language of the well-known English ballad, which has so frequently been screeched out by "performers" in our modern American parlors:

"What are the wild waves saying?
Saying ——— to thee!"

We suggested at the time that Mr. Nast's artistic ambition had overleaped itself. Our prophecy then was privately expressed, as we did not find it convenient just then to adopt the character of a public seer; but now that its realization is seemingly so close at hand, and we consider our prophetic reputation on the point of "getting out of the woods" of doubt, we will study the picture analytically, critically, and prophetically. And although the torrid state of the August atmosphere would seem to prohibit any such intellectual effort at attention, either on our own part, or that of our audience, yet we can assure the latter, that the seaside inspiration and the nature of the subject, will render it very seasonable if they will but lend a brief and kind attention.

We must premise then that of all the pictures which the Harper's *Weekly* sheet has given to the public, from the one which represented the Pope as a woodchuck, about to fall into the hands of his pursuers, by being sawn off with the limb of infallibility from the dogmatic tree, on which limb he had run out as a final refuge, down to its latest reproduction of a photograph from Geneva, which represents Père Hyacinth dancing his infant son on his knee, and informing the public in a footnote, that he would—gracious condescension!—come to terms with the Pope, only when the latter had at his bidding, given up his infallibility, and "blessed the cradle" of Hyacinth, junior. Of all these

pictures, we repeat, this "marine view" of Nast's is the most unfortunate. The allegories are bad throughout, and return to plague the inventor rather than the parties caricatured.

In the first place the ocean of European revolution is not represented as that calm smiling summer sea, which those who sail out so rashly upon its depths would have us believe it to be, but most truthfully as that fierce and turbulent high running sea, which sweeps indiscriminately before it all barriers of law, order, justice, and peace.

Then the second incongruity that strikes us is, that the Pope, unlike King Canute, doesn't get up and run away, although he personally cannot stop the approaching billows; which yet, at the unheard bidding of him who alone sets limits to the sea, and commands the winds and waves to be still, lick, like the raging lions in the ancient forums, the martyr pontiff's feet, but do not devour him; he alone of all surrounding objects sits calm and imperturbable, while that pontifical throne on which he rests, weak and insecure as seems its sandy and sea-girt resting-place, serves not only to support him, but even acts as a barrier against the waves, an unsought-for security to his enemy in the rear, who watches their coming with such a melancholy fascination. Even the massive and beautiful palace of marble representing the home and bulwark of political freedom, to be found in American institutions, is correctly pictured as almost submerged by the flood-tides of European revolution, so rapidly approaching our Western shores, all save the theoretical idea of liberty as conceived by our forefathers, but whose last and only refuge seems to be her native home amid the murky clouds, for unless those angry waves subside, not even the dome-like heights of

American grandeur will serve her as a footstool. Then too the unanswered question which gives the picture its title, reminds us in its voiceless reply of a similar question, put, long years ago, by the enemy of God, in the prætorium of Pilate at Jerusalem, *WHAT IS THE TRUTH?* And the imprisoned lord of truth was silent, because the questioner cared naught, and would not wait for an answer. And so ever through the long, long ages sounding on, has that question gathered new strength by continual repetition from the mouths of the enemies of Jesus Christ and his Church; new moral force, from the fact, that they will not because they dare not wait for an answer, and consistently order their wicked lives therewith, and so it goes rolling on, or rests answerless "at the gate of absent opportunity," responded to for the foes of God only by the logic of speaking events, till that dreadful hour when the fate of the heathen and the publican shall be meted out to those who would not hear it from the mouth of Christ's spokesman, the Church. But we children of the Church, who have heard and believed, we who with the instinct of faith can "see God in cloud or hear him in the wind," need no better interpreter than the lessons of past history, so consonant with the promise of Christ, "*Thou art the rock; upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it.*" We look out upon the tottering ships at sea that represent our hopes, and are reminded of the storm-tossed bark upon the Sea of Galilee, so opportunely saved at the moment when all seemed lost. We watch, too, the little clouds no larger than a man's hand, that overhang the sea of modern revolution, when a favorable wind is blowing over its seemingly calm bosom, and we know them to be as the

little thunder birds that herald the advancing gale; and as when we pick up shells upon the strand and place them to our ears, we hear from their pearly cellules and diminutive caverns, the never-ceasing repetition of the roar of their native element, so from the little incidents around us, the scattered refuse of the bitter brine of revolution, we can catch faint echoes of its noisy upheavings and ceaseless unrest, and from all these things we weave more than a prophecy, we read the story of its fate blazoned beneath the dictating finger of a divine faith, a story that like the illuminated writing upon the walls of Belshazzar's banqueting hall, cannot be interpreted by the riotous spirits who haunt the palaces of revolutionary tyrants, but whose fears of overhanging justice are rightly resolved by the prophet of God.

The spirit of our age is in every aspect revolutionary. It may be our misfortune to have our lots cast in such a period, but chastisement of some kind or another must necessarily be the lot of all generations, and if we will but carefully search out for what Tupper calls, "the good in things evil," we will find this one blessing to be concealed beneath all persecutions of the Church, namely, that they possess within themselves, from the very nature of their evil origin, those seeds of stormy disintegration which must bring forth from the womb of political chaos, that calm and rest which is to be the reward of those who have undergone the fierce ordeal of mental punishment and purifying penance.

Vainly will the scoffers at the resolute and persistent faith of Christians look in the pages of history for any other result than confusion for themselves and triumph for the believer. The only wonder is, that these unbelievers will not see this, a wonder which

can only be explained by the fact, that their eyes are wilfully blinded by their own deceits; argument has no effect upon such people, because they, having no knowledge of the essential nature of faith, its logical deductions as well as supernatural reasonings, cannot be brought up to the Christian's standpoint of observation, or hold discussion from the same premises or on a common basis with the divinely illuminated and truth-keeping Christian. This is why all religious discussion is so distasteful to many and so unproductive in results, in comparison with the amount of labor expended. But when in addition to blindness of the intellect, those outside of the Church or even the traitors within her pale, add moral perversity, they become like drunkards beating about in the darkness, until they fall in their blind rage into the bottomless pit, whose lurid and penetrating flames will make them, when too late, both see and feel through all eternity, those truths for which, like the idols of the ancient Gentiles, they had ears that heard not, and eyes that saw not. While, on the contrary, the faithful Christian, adding to the gift of faith the additional grace resulting from a holy life, never fails to touch God's right, even, as the poet says, in the darkness, and feel that he walks securely unto the revelation of his power and his glory, even in their influence on temporal affairs and mundane adversities.

When did Satan's triumph ever appear more complete than in the days of Arianism? Yet for fifteen centuries who has seen or heard of it, save as a historical reminiscence! When was triumph more apparently overwhelming than that of Protestantism in the sixteenth century? Yet what is every effort of the Protestantism of the present day but an endeavor to save what it can of its own fortunes and fair name from the ravages of infidelity,

while the Church which it had apparently crushed out of existence, is as young, fresh, beautiful, powerful, and terrible, to the eyes of her enemies, as though those very enemies had never straitened her about with their secret plots, chained her in prison walls, or bathed her in her own blood.

Philosophers of this world, like the Roman guards on Easter morning, are stunned at the glorious outburst of external splendor, betokening the internal power of Jesus Christ, rising in the person of his Church over the powers of sin, death, and hell, and measuring by the shallow gauge of their own belittled wisdom, vainly ascribe to everything but the true source, the sometimes dormant, but never dead nor dying power of God.

Yet what is all this but divine philosophy, teaching by example in her character of self-repeating history? Just so surely as she has taught of yore, so is she now teaching us again in the story of the nations. Let us read their present histories one by one, beginning with England, which, in point of fact is, after all, the real guardian of Protestantism. Her territory is the cradle of most of its latest offspring; her cash and her cunning counsels are to a large extent the resources from which its sway is extended over the European continent; within her limits alone, of all the Eastern hemisphere, is it fashionable to be a Protestant. There only is the prestige of respectability, aye, even of dignity, accorded to its bar-sinister on her shield. Without her patronage of the Protestant Reformation, the movement of Luther and his associates would in all probability have utterly failed to create more than a passing influence on Germany, whence it took its birth. She of all others has emulated in brutal and almost superhuman ferocity, the persecutions of the heathen emperors

against the early church, without, indeed, the same palliating excuse to which pagan Rome could lay claim, namely, that she knew not what she did; Rome's persecutions were the offspring of the darkness of the heathen mind; England's persecutions were the result of the mad ferocity of a traitor to the truth. Yet what is the result to-day? Just as the Christians conquered the Cæsars, just as the cross replaced the crescent, so England, in the number, the wealth, and the importance of her converts, in the generosity of their piety, which rivals that of the Patrician converts of Greece and Rome, is the foremost apostle of the world's return to the faith. Long centuries ago, when the last of her Saxon kings lay battling with that death which was to give him the crown of sanctity, he prophesied with his failing breath, that after three centuries of apostasy and persecution, England should return to her union and allegiance with the mother Church of Rome. This may be only a legend, but it, in its verification, is as good as actual and inspired prophecy; and the ivy-draped ruins of her ancient abbeys, the magnificent walls of her faith-built cathedrals, stand as witnesses from the grave of the past, eloquent in their silence when a Bute, a Westminster, a Norfolk, a Manning, a Faber, and a Newman, and all the countless scions of her noble houses come guided by the star of faith through the darkness of worldly sneers and anxious doubt, like the treasure-bearing kings of the Orient, to cast their wealth and their intellectuality at the feet of the Infant Jesus, personified in his new-born English Church, and manifesting his glory even through the swathing-bands that yet confine it. What have the wild waves of revolution said to her, what are they still saying, as she struggles to preserve even her mag-

nificent political stability from the inroads of false liberalists? The lesson which her religious movements prove she has taken to heart, PEACE ONLY THROUGH THE TRUTH.

Germany, fierce and potent, parent of modern infidelity in all its countless forms, how have her struggles against the Christ and his anointed repaid her? For years she carried on the war of the investitures with the pontifical government, a power which, even in those days of the Church's highest temporal splendor, was but comparatively as weak as a plaything in the hands of the emperors, yet what was the triumph of Germany? Go view its semblance in the celebrated picture which Protestant fancy drew and loves yet to dwell upon,—the Pope placing his heel upon the neck of the prostrate doge of Venice. To what did Luther lead her when he seduced her to apostasy? To the horrors of the thirty years' war, and when that had closed, he bid her seek repose upon the bed of thorns bestrewn with social scandals, moral grossnesses, political factions, and soul-maddening sophistries, under the false name of philosophies; her political supremacy gone, her religion abolished, her very name a synonym for theories and heresies and false lights, that lured the world to ruin. Yet lo! notwithstanding when a Bismarck grasps a tyrant's sceptre, he finds her a united and regenerated empire throughout its broad expanse, and in spite of Lutheranism, the freest home the Church could boast; aye, freer even in the right of education than that accorded to her in our own favored republic, and in that very circumstance he, drunk with sudden fortune and unusual power, saw the worst obstacle to the mad schemes of those minions of infamy, whose idol and representative he is,—the secret societies. Yet in the very crash of the political thunderbolts

he hurls against her, in the wail of her imprisoned bishops and exiled priests and nuns, in the hisses of the people against his ingratitude towards his Catholic subjects, and even to many of his Protestant people themselves, who had built up the oneness and grandeur of his power, in the anathemas of the feeble, old, and imprisoned Pontiff at the Vatican, he hears as the surging of the coming breakers of counter-revolution, *THEY THAT SOW THE WHIRLWIND SHALL REAP THE STORM.*

France, beautiful queen of Europe, when did the sceptre of a long line of resplendent sovereigns drop powerless from her grasp? When was the diadem of beauty first snatched ruthlessly from her imperial brow? Not while she took pride in claiming for herself the sublime title, *First daughter of the Church.* Not while she stood as an amazon with bared breasts and girded loins between the temporal kingdom of God and its enemies. No. Not under the descendants of the Church-crowned Charlemagne, but when she threw off legitimate authority; when, instead of rectifying what was wrong in her governmental polity, she courted what was worse, and murdering her kings, cast herself headlong into the arms of blood-reeking revolutionists, scoffers at all authority, human and divine, mockers even at and outragers of all natural instincts, who flooded with red republicanism the ruins of the altar and the throne. Vainly did she seek a remedy by her weak-kneed compromises with liberalism under the Orleanists, citizen kings and Bonapartism, compromises that degraded the French Church, and only served to demonstrate the real weakness of the government. We put the question directly to almost any thinking man or woman, has there lived any one since the days of Louis the Fourteenth who really

fell that intuitive sense of confidence in any of the forms of government with which France has coquetted since his day, a confidence which is so essential to security? What the wild waves of red republicanism said to her, was exquisitely demonstrated in touching metaphor on that day when the great Corsican conqueror and leader of her regenerating hosts was about to place the self-wrought coronet of her first imperial regime upon his brows, and testifying her joy at the release from the thralldom of revolutionary discord, she sought to astonish the world, and at the same time express her sense of newly-found peace in most witching strains of harmony, by filling the vast choir of her metropolitan cathedral with an orchestra of eighty harps, honoring thus, too, that ever-memorable occasion when the venerable Pontiff Pius VII crossed the Alps in midwinter to crown Napoleon in Notre Dame. But all the harps were hushed and every singer was silent, every soul was thrilled with new revelations of harmony, and the very walls ached with melody at the instant when the Pope, entering the sanctuary, was received with no other than the, to him, accustomed strains of the skilfully trained voices of the papal choir chanting the *Tu es Petrus* of Scarlatti. Surely at that moment, weak as he seemed, and apparently deriving what little right he had to live, much less to rule, from the very man he was about to clothe with the imperial dignity, France recognized in him, as the representative of God's Church on earth, the true rock against which the fierce flood-tides of her revolutionary era had temporarily broken. So it is again, not even the external mass of splendor with which the wily and far-seeing third descendant of the first Napoleon concealed the rottenness of the second empire, could disabuse men's minds of its inherent

weakness. Yet who ever believed that weakness to have been as great as the Prussian arms at Worth and Sedan proved it to be, when France had again deserted her pontiff, thrown herself into the hands of her infidel factions, and the victory and glory fell from her grasp as they did long years before at Waterloo; when the coronator pontiff of Notre Dame had been made by the emperor he had crowned, "the prisoner of Fontainebleau?" Learning from the sad experience of the past, where looks she for present relief? Vainly from the anarchy of a Gambetta; vainly from the spurious monarchy of an Orleans; vainly from the velvet-bound despotism of a Bonaparte; vainly from the republic of even her grand soldier-president; but with an instinct of her own nobility, an innate perception of what and where is right, she and the well-balanced minds of the whole world with her are rising gradually but surely to the conviction, that there is but one man who can prove her saviour. One whose lance of knightly honor, whose spirit of Christian truth and chivalry is too sublime for the appreciation of our low-minded age, whose time-honored white oriflamme of the lilies is too pure for our modern fetid breezes, and whose principles are therefore, for the time being, only laughed at as unworthy of deeper scorn, or pitied for their so-called pettishness. One who stands alone as a model of antique and seemingly long-forgotten probity, royal descendant of Charlemagne and St. Louis, Henri de Chambord. And his provincial court is described by even one of his enemies as men like unto himself. We quote from the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*:

"*The Supporters of De Chambord*.—There are around the Comte de Chambord a certain number of men distinguished by birth and possessing honored names, linked

with the most brilliant pages of their country's history, who at any moment, without murmur or hesitation, quit their families where they are the heads, their houses where they are the masters, their country where their presence is welcome, in order to repair to the Prince and render him a service which has neither the attraction of courts, the charm of prospective appointments, nor the compensations claimed by any kind of service. There are few among them whose names are known outside a circle of initiated; there are few also who would play a *rôle* by the side of the Prince if he acceded to power, and in the distribution of places which was talked of last October, nothing was heard of the names of two of those now forming the Comte de Chambord's court and discharging the functions of chamberlain, secretary, confidential envoy, &c. The men in question, rich, noble, and independent, have formed a guard of honor and fidelity round a Pretender more noble than rich, and, without being shaken by the checks of yesterday and the lost hopes of to-morrow, they set out, arrive, travel, hasten, speak, or keep silence, and serve this platonic king with a devotion rarely extended to reigning princes in all the plenitude of their power. When anybody has the honor of accosting one of these men of robust faith, who is good enough to express his opinion, there is sure to be seen in them the reflection of that almost royal thought which for nearly a year has held in suspense the resolutions of his partisans and, we may add, the destinies of France."

And Spain, heroic old Spain, where went her glories when away went her kings? Where went her power when she compromised her faith? The picture is too sad to dwell upon; the breakers of revolution fairly mock her for her

shame as they yawn to engulf her. And Italy tells in the story of Alaric's invasion, to whom she looked as to a rock of safety against the waters of barbarian incursion let loose through the flood-gates of her own crimes, to her Pontifex Maximus. She repeats it in the lessons of Rienzi's brief career, and in the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, in the countless political scandals and invasions to which Rome has submitted, when at times, her popes being martyrs or prisoners even, her rock of refuge seemed submerged, still she clung not despairing or vainly to her bishop's empty chair, and her confidence was rewarded by its invisible occupant, the Church's lord and founder, whose word had set upon it the seal of security. And so even now, when the tide of revolution seems to roll so mightily within her very streets, and pours its waters of iniquity to the very gates of the Vatican, let us, from the very mouth of one of those champions of wickedness that ride so triumphantly on its waves, learn if there are not indications of happier changes in its tide. *Harper's Weekly*—yes, dear reader, can you credit it? *Harper's Weekly* is our authority:

"*The Pope and Italian Politics*.—We make the following extracts from the letter of a gentleman of great experience and sagacity, and of unusual opportunities of observation. He writes from Germany, after a winter's residence in Italy:

"You know how sincere a friend Mr. — is of the Italian government, and how much he is inclined to see the bright side of the present state of things in that new kingdom, and I was therefore a little surprised to find that he was not free from a good deal of discouragement and of doubt in regard to the future. What most of all made him feel rather uneasy was the unsatisfactory state of the finances,

and the unwillingness of the wealthy classes to contribute to the now very great expenses. The Italian government labors under the usual disadvantage of a new government, which must—or thinks it must—do a great deal in a short time, and which is thereby forced to go beyond its means, and to do things hurriedly and imperfectly. This applies also to the municipality of Rome, which is transforming the city on a scale that seems to be unnecessarily grandiose, the consequence of which is that too many of the public works and improvements remain unfinished, and while in that state become an impediment and a nuisance. But much has been done to modernize the city. The police is efficient; the public carriages are made to observe the tariff, and are clean and nice; the streets are well kept; life and property are well protected; in fact, Rome is in all these respects not much behind other great cities, and in some not a little ahead of Berlin. But the change does not impress you as being of natural growth, and as being secured for all time to come, because the burdens which it imposes upon the poorer classes are very heavy, and are very much felt by them, who do not appreciate the great good that will ultimately result—a good, however, which will of course *not* result if the want of money should suddenly compel the abandonment of what has been begun with such energy.

“The general opinion is that the convents have been suppressed with too much energy; but the government was driven forward by the liberal party to treat the monastic orders in general as enemies. Some of those which were useful in some ways are regretted, but, disregarding the violation of vested and legitimate rights of property, the measure will, on the whole, probably prove to be a good

one, only it would have been more satisfactory if the property thus obtained had been applied more to the improvement of general education, and less for barracks.” (And he might have added theatres, gambling-saloons, and, as in the case of St. Cecilia’s palace and Basilica, training-schools for ballet-dancers.)

* * * * *

“I had a long conversation with the Pope, and found him, as I expected, the most amiable and most venerable of men, but not a man of superior mind; and I now fully understand that he can only stick to his “*non possumus*,” but *that* he will surely do, because he considers it his sacred duty to protest to the last. He is, I am assured, a most pious and believing Christian, and would meet any fate which might befall him with all the cheerfulness of a true martyr. But to give you an idea of his way of speaking and thinking, I will mention that, having asked me if I knew the United States, he said, laughingly, in response to my reply, “They are a droll people, those Americans! Some of them pretend to be Christians, but will not consent to be baptized! But how can a man be a Christian without baptism?” He readily admitted, however, that the Church was not persecuted in the United States; but when I then made a slight attempt to make him understand that this might be in a great measure owing to the fact that church and state were separated, he shook his head, and said that that would never do in Italy; the rising generation were too much perverted for that. His ideas were in a very narrow circle; but he will remain firm in his “*non possumus*” to the last. Some of the monsignori whom I met in society and in the anti-Camera Pontifica explained to me that the Pope could not leave

the Vatican because in the streets of Rome he would meet a great many *faits accomplis* which he could not and ought not to countenance by quietly passing by; and also that he could not bear to see the Church and all that a good Catholic considers sacred vilified and caricatured in print everywhere upon the walls; hence he is morally a prisoner, although it is admitted on all hands that he would be received everywhere on his way with the utmost veneration and with every demonstration of personal respect. Antonelli I found in good health and spirits, but he impressed me merely as a "*fin diplomate*," probably without any conviction, and for that sort of man I have not much taste.'"

We can afford to omit as we have from the extract, and to excuse at the same time Mr. —'s lucubrations about the condition of Pius the Ninth's mind, or the next Pope and his policy, in consideration of the valuable information he gives us of the coming change in the tide of Tiberian politics, and feel like supplying his incognito by dubbing him as "Old Certainties," in contradistinction to his American cousin at Washington, whose "probabilities" refer to the aerial tides, and especially in view of the fact that all the lesser figures in the Falstaffian company of journalistic raw recruits, such as the *New York Times*, *et id omne genus*, are beginning to rally round their color-bearer of "civilization" fame.

And America, our own free and thrice beloved America, she nurtured in rugged virtue the sower of the seed of liberty; even she, under the fascination of that wanton siren, public school education, is being led to the very shores of revolution. What are its wild waves saying to her? What are even her Protestant children beginning at length to realize? That

no amount of material prosperity, no schemes of education, however vast, will save from social and political corruptions, but will rather serve to feed them when unaccompanied by the restraints and dictates of the Spirit of God. Where that spirit breatheth there is liberty! Where its voice, soft as the sweet south wind, ceaseth to be heard, there is naught but destructive license! Where is her statesmanship that once shook the world and made the British lion tremble? Surely her boasted system of education should have perfected it, if it were capable of improvement, but lo, instead, it has taken up all the refuse of our social system and injecting into it an overwrought education, has sought, after the fashion of some philosophers, to endow matter with a soul, and has only succeeded in breeding therefrom, like swarms of pestiferous insects from heated mire, a race of political villains and rascals who, under its illuminating influences, being too lazy and too ashamed of their own mean origin, to make themselves an honorable and useful career in their proper spheres, train their wits according to the laws of cunning, work themselves into our legislative chambers, our professional forums, and even our judicial benches, to give forth unmitigated nonsense, under the name of wisdom, and to feed on the public substance under the plea of the common weal, then through their ill-gotten gains to work themselves into high social positions, to defile our society, and even our very drawing-rooms and hearthstones, and to corrupt those who represent the leaven of purity in the world by their villanous trickeries and shameless and blasphemous sentiments and deeds.

The political system of our forefathers received the sanction of the Church, who blessed our infant republic, and even assisted at its

birth, proving thereby that she, though she may have her choice, yet displays no preference for any particular form of government, leaving that question to the decision of the people. She only requires that the underlying principles shall be in accord with that truth which, if it make the people free, they shall be free indeed. There were many of her children who could join in the exultant *liberata* of the young kingdom of Italy, and whose ears could tingle with the music of the chimes, when they from the old campanile of San Marco, rang out that Venice was free. She may have rejoiced in the event, though she questioned the policy and deplored the dubious honesty by which it was accomplished. So too she could congratulate Germany on her unification, and the revivification of her ancient power, under the semblance of the awakening of her sleeping Barbarossa, though she was obliged to declare herself the enemy of both nations, when, and inasmuch as, mad with their new success, they did not hesitate to intrude upon her patrimony and rights and privileges. So, too, with our America, inasmuch as she withdrew from her early principles of truth and honor; so does the Church, the guardian of nations, lift up her voice, first in warning, then in anger, and the sons of America, the honest and clear-minded citizens of our great republic, are at length beginning to see and declare that nothing but a return to those principles can save our nation from the vortex of complete destruction.

Thus they stand by the water's brink, the sisterhood of the nations: buckler-girded Germany; England with her wreath of drooping and blood-dyed roses; France with her crushed and broken lily clasped close to her breast; blue-eyed Italy bearing her spoiled and fatal gift of beauty; star-crowned America,

the jewel-orbs of her coronet with lustre dimmed; and behind these, like a train of ruined virgins, stand in the shadowy background, Switzerland and the South American Republics, who, with the folly of their weakness, have emulated their haughtier and more powerful sisters, in dipping their feet on the quicksands, and sipping of the brine of godless revolution. They are listening "to the bar and its moaning," and the burden of its song is PEACE, PEACE! THERE IS NO PEACE FOR THOSE WHO VENTURE ON THIS STRAND OF STORMS.

Close beside them, though not of their company, stand two other figures, one slim and delicate, her bloodless face almost transparent in its whiteness; her flaxen locks, crowned with thorns, are strewn to the storm-winds; her upturned eyes are dimmed with tears, through which breaks, like a rainbow, a smile of trustful peace, as with one of her manacled hands upon her breast, she stands in her robes of lustrous white, like Saint Agnes of old before the Roman Prætor. She scarcely heeds the frowning scowl of the spurred and mail-clad Norse hussar, who rears the whip above her, for her thoughts seem all of heaven, as she clasps with her disengaged hand a bloody cross, while at her sandalled feet there lies a golden crown of fallen royalty. The other is of ruddier type, her countenance blooming with perpetual youth, being almost expressive of joy, though her garments of richest green are sprinkled, like the robes of one who has trodden the wine-press; on her brow there rests a wreath of dew-sprinkled shamrocks, and her hands are engaged in endeavoring to tune to notes of praise the rusted and loosened chords of her golden harp. Through a rift in the clouds a sunburst throws over her a veil of sheen, and chases away with its ecstatic beams what traces of agony

have sought to dwell in her eyes, turned towards the golden chalice of suffering, whose purple contents have been drank to the dregs ere she cast it from her lips. Poland and Ireland, together they stand; the waters of persecution have come unto their very souls, but the victorious palm of all-conquering faith, which they cast into the Marah of revolution, has sweetened those waters of bitterness, and made them inebriate their souls with a joy all but divine, a peace that is not of earth.

And so is it with all who, in the hour of the Church's sorrow and the world's shame, cling with steadfast faith to the throne of Peter. There he sits, just as Mr. Nast pictured him, the only unmovable and unterrified thing amid the surging tempest. He is morally the king of the nations, the arbiter of the world. He alone holds as truly to-day and to-morrow as he did of yore the real "balance of power." When the people discard him to follow the foamy tracks of unnatural revolution, God, whose vicar he is, will ever mete out to them the disasters that are the heritage of headstrong and rebellious fools.

Centuries ago Chosroes, king of Persia, had with a mighty army laid siege to the city of Nisibis; twice or thrice before had the city defeated the attacks of the Persians, and now Chosroes determined to redeem the disgrace of his predecessors, but under the leadership, the counsel, the prayers and austerities of the saintly Bishop James, the citadel again defied the most potent engines of ancient warfare. Finding that starvation was yet far off from the inhabitants, the besiegers adopted the novel idea of turning the course of the river Mygdon, which flowed by the city, and damming it up into an immense reservoir which they had constructed, and suddenly destroying the barriers, let

the immense flood pour down with the hope of making a breach in the wall. The plan was successful; but, lo! while the Persians had been engaged on the dam, the people of Nisibis had not been idle, but displayed to the astonished enemy, through the breach in the outer wall, a second wall of greater strength which they had hastily built a sufficient distance behind the first to resist the river's torrent, which, checked in its impetus by the first barrier, resumed its natural course after entering the breach.

So is it with us, the inhabitants of the city of God, his Church. The pent-up floods of iniquity will dash harmlessly against it when we build up, from virtuous deeds, at the word of "the bishop and guide of our souls," Jesus Christ, an inner wall of security in God's promises. Then, too, with our great Leader we can look out upon the waters, and though his throne bear seemingly all the weakness of a "rocking-chair," we know it will ride the waves if need be. Then, too, we can feed with our renewed devotion and holiness of life the prayers of the saints that, like beacon fires on the shore, are piercing the heavens and making the black sky rosy with their flame. And above all, amid the clouds of passion and grief, we can see shining that most brilliant polar star, when whose immaculate beams arise, "all danger must up and away." And with trusting looks and fervent sighs, we, children of Mary, now doubly dear to her by the new honor which our father Pius gave her, send up the touching hymn,—

"Dark night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
And the tempest-tossed Church, all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet star of the sea.
"Deep night hath come down on us, mother, deep night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy light;
For the darker the night is the brighter should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet star of the sea."

LEGEND OF THE SINGING LEPER.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

DEEP in the heart of a solitude,
A huntsman, straying, found
A dying leper in a wood,
Stretched, singing, on the ground.

Yea, singing on a bed of ferns,
In strains so sweet and strong,
That never had the huntsman heard
So ravishing a song :

“ I see a glory in the air,
And in the midst thereof,
A radiant face. O grave and fair!
How full of pitying love !”

So ran the words. The strong man stooped
Above the leprous thing ;
“ God save thee, brother of the worms,
How canst, forsaken, sing ?”

Out of the pallid lips, the sweet
Unearthly whisper stole :
“ There’s nothing save this wall of flesh
’Twixt heaven and my soul ;

“ This foul corrupted wall of flesh—
Behold ! it drops away.
Should not the ransomed captive sing ?
I shall be free to-day !”

And even as the huntsman gazed,
Loosed was the singer’s soul ;
A shower of lilies hid the corse,—
The leper was made whole.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

SECOND LETTER.

DEAR SIR: I beg permission to suggest in a brief manner, the conclusions of the historical evidence which was presented in my last letter. Conclusion first. The Protestant religion originated at the so-called Reformation; therefore, it was founded neither by Christ, neither by any of the Apostles. Second. This religion was often a prey to the most unhappy dissensions during the sixteenth century, hence it had nothing of the unity of the spirit, nor of the bond of peace. Third. The doctrine of predestination taught generally by the preachers of the religious revolution, drew some into great impiety of life, and others into desperation. Fourth. The Protestant religion supplanted or opposed the authority established, and gave a license to iniquity and to a voluptuous life, by many of its teachers holding that good works were not necessary, but a hindrance to salvation; therefore, having these two properties, according to Lord Bacon, it quickly spread. "The true religion" (Bacon's Essays), "is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. If a new religion has not two properties, fear it not, for it will not spread; the one is the supplanting, or the opposing of authority established; for nothing is more popular than that; the other is the giving license to pleasures and a voluptuous life." Fifth. Many of the leading characters in the Reformation were men entirely under the dominion of their passions; and God, observes Protestant Dr. Jeremy Taylor, never makes use of wicked instruments to reform his Church.

I will commence an inquiry into the origin and progress of that change in religion, which happened in England in the sixteenth century, whence are derived the several Protestant denominations in this country. Let us first receive the name and history of that person, who is the parent of the so-called Reformation in Britain.

PSEUDO-BISHOP BURNET.—"If we consider the great things that were done by Henry VIII, we must acknowledge that there was a signal providence of God (horrible blasphemy), in raising up a king of his temper for clearing away to that '*blessed*' (!) work that followed, and that could hardly have been done, but by a man of his humor; so that I may very well apply to him the witty simile of an ingenious writer, who compares Luther to a postilion in his waxed boots and oiled coat, lashing his horses through thick and thin, and bespattering all about him. This character befits Henry better who, as the postilion of reformation, made way for it through a great deal of mire and filth. He abolished the Pope's power, suppressed the monasteries, and declared that the Church of England, with the authority and concurrence of its head, the king, might examine and reform all errors and corruptions, whether in doctrine or worship. . . . But in the whole progress of these changes, the king's design seemed to have been to terrify the court of Rome, and cudgel the Pope into a compliance with what he desired; for in his heart he continued addicted to some of the most extravagant opinions of that Church;

so that he was to his life's end more a Papist than a Protestant. The three chief periods of Henry the Eighth's reign, in which religion is concerned, are the first, from the beginning of his reign till the process of the divorce with Queen Catherine; the second is from that till the total breaking off from Rome, and setting up his supremacy over all causes and persons; the third is from that to his death." (Hist. of the Refor.)

PERIOD I. COBBETT.—"Henry VIII succeeded his father, Henry VII, 1509. He succeeded to a great and prosperous kingdom, a full treasury, and a happy and contented people, who expected in him the wisdom of his father, without his avarice, which seems to have been that father's only fault. Henry VIII was eighteen years old when his father died. He had had an elder brother, named Arthur, who, at the early age of twelve years, had been betrothed to Catherine, fourth daughter of Ferdinand, King of Castile and Arragon. When Arthur was fourteen years old, the Princess came to England, and the marriage ceremony was performed; but Arthur, who was a weak and sickly boy, died before the year was out." (Hist. of Refor., Letter II.)

HUME.—"Henry VII, desirous to continue the alliance with Spain, and also unwilling to restore Catherine's dowry, which was 200,000 ducats, obliged his second son Henry to be contracted to the infant. The prince made all the opposition of which a youth of twelve years of age was capable; but as the king persisted in his resolution, the espousals were, at length, by means of the Pope's dispensation, contracted between the parties." (Hist. of England.)

BURNET.—"Henry VII being dead, one of the first things that came under consideration was, that the young king, Henry VIII, must

either break his marriage totally off, or conclude it. Arguments were brought on both hands, but those for it prevailed most with the king. So six weeks after he came to the crown, he was married publicly, and soon after they were crowned." (Hist. of Refor.)

HUME.—"His father, in order to remove him from the knowledge of public business, had hitherto occupied him entirely in pursuits of literature, and the proficiency which he made gave no bad prognostic of his parts and capacity. . . . Henry had been educated in strict attachment to the Church, and he bore a particular prejudice against Luther, who, in his writings, spoke with contempt of Thomas Aquinas, the king's favorite author; he opposed himself, therefore, to the progress of Lutheran tenets, by all the influence which his extensive and almost absolute authority conferred upon him; he even undertook to combat them with weapons not usually employed by monarchs, especially those in the flower of their age and force of their passions. He wrote a book in Latin against the principles of Luther, a performance which, if allowance be made for the subject and the age, does no discredit to his capacity. He sent a copy of it to Léo, who received the present with great testimony of regard, and conferred on him the title of *Defender of the Faith*, an appellation still retained by the kings of England." (Hist. of England, vol. iv.)

SOUTHEY.—"The splendor of Henry's court exceeded anything which had ever been seen in Europe; a succession of feasts and pageants were exhibited there, with so profuse an expenditure, that in less than three years, the whole accumulation of his father's reign, amounting to the then enormous sum of £1,800,000, was consumed. . . With every advantage of person, Henry united a high degree of

bodily and mental accomplishments; his understanding was quick and vigorous, and his learning such as might have raised him to distinction had he been born in humble life. Had he died before his mind was depraved, and his heart hardened by sensuality and the possession of absolute power, his death would have been regretted as a national calamity." (Book of the Church.)

PERIOD II. COBBETT.—"With his lady, Queen Catherine, who was beautiful in her youth, and whose virtues, of all sorts, seem scarcely ever to have been exceeded, Henry lived in the married state *seventeen years*, before the end of which, he had three sons and two daughters by her, one of whom only, a daughter, was still alive, who afterwards was Mary, Queen of England. But now, at the end of seventeen years, he being thirty-five years of age, and having cast his eyes on a young lady, an attendant on the queen, named Anne Boleyn, he, all of a sudden, affected to believe that he was living in sin, because he was married to the *widow of his brother*, though the marriage between Catherine and the brother had never been consummated, and though the parents of both parties, together with his own council, had unanimously and unhesitatingly approved of his marriage, which had, moreover, been sanctioned by the Pope, the head of the Church, of the faith and observances of which Henry himself had, long since his marriage, been a zealous defender." (Hist. of Refor.)

SOUTHEY.—"He was desirous of male issue; he was weary of his wife, and he was in love with Anne Boleyn. Queen Catherine was pious and noble-minded; had she possessed his affections as she did his esteem, it is not likely that he would have fallen into scruples concerning the lawfulness of the

marriage, because she had been his brother's widow." (Book of the Church.)

HUME.—"Anne Boleyn, who lately appeared at court, had been appointed maid of honor to the queen, and having had frequent opportunities of being seen by Henry, and of conversing with him, she had acquired an entire ascendancy over his affections. . . . This young lady was daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, who had been employed by the king in several embassies, and who was allied to the principal nobility of the kingdom. . . . As every motive of inclination and policy seemed to concur in making the king desirous of a divorce from Catherine, and as his prospect was inviting, he resolved to make application to Clement (the then Pope), and he sent Knight, his secretary, to Rome for that purpose." (Hist. of England.)

LORD HERBERT.—"Sir Francis Bryan, Knight, and Peter Vannes (an Italian, and his secretary for the Latin tongue), were required to discover (in the name of a third person), whether, if the queen entered a religious life, the king might have the Pope's dispensation to marry again, and the children be legitimate, and what precedents were for it? Secondly, whether if the king (for better inducing the queen thereunto), would promise to enter himself into a religious life, the Pope might dispense with his vow, and leave her there? Thirdly, if this may not be done, whether he can dispense with the king to have two wives, and the children of both legitimate? . . . All which to be done with secrecy and circumspection, that the cause might not be published, propounding the king's case always, therefore, as another man's. Lastly, some kind of menaces were to be added." (Life of Henry VIII.)

COBBETT.—"There was no occa-

sion for threats. Henry was a great favorite with the Pope; he was very powerful. There were many strong motives for yielding to his request, but that request was so full of injustice, it would have been so cruel towards the virtuous queen to accede to it, that the Pope could not and did not grant it. He, however, in hopes that time might induce the tyrant to relent, ordered a court to be held by his legate and Wolsey, in England, to hear and determine the case." (Hist. of Refor.)

HUME.—"The two legates (Cardinal Campiggiio and Cardinal Wolsey) meanwhile opened their court at London, and cited the king and queen to appear before it. They both presented themselves, and the king answered to his name when called; but the queen, instead of answering to hers, rose from her seat, and throwing herself at the king's feet, made a very pathetic harangue, which her virtue, her dignity, and her misfortunes rendered more affecting. . . . She rose, and making the king a low reverence, she departed from the court, and never would appear again in it. After her departure the king did her the justice to acknowledge that she had ever been a dutiful and affectionate wife, and the whole tenor of her behavior had been conformable to the strictest rules of probity and honor. He only insisted on his own scruples with regard to the lawfulness of their marriage, and he explained the origin, the progress, and the foundation of those doubts by which he had been so long and so violently agitated." (Hist. of England.)

SOUTHEY.—"The impediment (because she had been his brother's widow) was not founded upon natural and moral law, therefore it was dispensable by that authority in which the dispensing power was invested; and having been dis-

pensed with it would be manifestly unjust to revoke a dispensation which had been acted upon in good faith. But any case may be perplexed by legal subtleties when law has been made a craft." (Book of the Church.)

HUME.—"The evocation (for the case to be tried at Rome), which came a few days after from Rome, put an end to all the hopes of success which the king had so long and so anxiously cherished."

SALMON.—"The king no sooner understood that the Pope was determined to advocate the cause but he dismissed the queen from court, recalled Mrs. Boleyn, . . . and took a journey with that lady to Grafton, in Northamptonshire. . . . The king dined with Mrs. Boleyn in her lodgings. These were thought freedoms which it would be difficult to reconcile with honest behavior." (Modern Hist.)

BURNET.—"The king being thus reconciled to Anne Boleyn (for she was offended at being dismissed from court during the trial), and as it is ordinary after some intermission and disorder between lovers, his affection increasing, he was casting about for overtures, how to compass what he so earnestly desired. . . . While his thoughts were thus divided, a new proposition was made to him that seemed the most feasible of them all. There was one Cranmer, who had been a fellow of Cambridge, but having married forfeited his fellowship, yet continued his studies, and was a reader of divinity in Buckingham College. . . . He was at this time forced to fly out of Cambridge from a plague that was there, and went to Waltham, where the king lay for a night. The whole discourse of England being then about the divorce, two courtiers desired to hear his opinion concerning it. He thought that instead of a long fruitless negotiation at Rome it were better to con-

sult all the learned men and the universities of Christendom. The king, so soon as he heard this opinion, said, had he known it sooner it would have saved him a vast expense and much trouble, and would needs have Cranmer sent for to court, saying, in his coarse way of speaking, *That he had now the sow by the right ear.*" (Hist. of Refor.)

HERBERT.—"The king, therefore, sent to the most famous universities to have their opinions concerning the divorce." (Life of Henry.)

SOUTHEY.—"Henry, who had fixed his affections, such as they were, upon Anne Boleyn, was not of a temper to brook delay; and perceiving that nothing was to be looked for from the Pope, but a continuance of procrastination, resolved to act in defiance of him." (Bishop of the Church.)

HUME.—"Henry being now fully determined in his own mind, as well as resolute, to stand all consequences, privately celebrated (on the 14th of November) his marriage with Anne Boleyn, whom he had previously created Marchioness of Pembroke. Rowland Lee, soon afterwards raised to the Bishopric of Coventry, officiated at the marriage. The Duke of Norfolk, uncle to the new queen, her father, mother, and brother, together with Dr. Cranmer, were present at the ceremony."

BURNET.—"Now, therefore, the divorce was to be managed in another method; and Cranmer, after he had discoursed with the king about the proposition which was formerly mentioned, was commanded by him to write a book for his opinion, and confirm it with as much authority as he could. . . . Richard Crook was sent to Italy, and others were sent to France and Germany, to consult the divines, canonists, and other learned men in the universities about the king's business." (Hist. of Refor.)

SIR WM. CAVENDISH.—"The commissioners to solicit the matter were all delegated at the proper costs and charges of the king, which in the whole amounted to a great sum of money; and besides the charge of the embassy to the famous and notable persons of all the universities, especially to such as bore the rule, or had the custody of the university seals, they were fed by the commissioners with such great sums of money that they did easily condescend to their requests and grant their desires." (Modern Hist.)

SALMON.—"But whatever arts were used in procuring the opinion of the universities abroad, it is very evident no stratagem or artifice was neglected to bring over the two universities at home (Oxford and Cambridge) to concur with the court. Archbishop Wareham wrote to Oxford on this subject, and afterwards the Bishop of Lincoln was sent down to them with letters from the king himself, requiring the members to concur with the foreign universities, and not pertinaciously to adhere to any prejudices they might have entertained against the divorce. The heads and men of longer standing in the University of Oxford, who had nearer prospects from the court, came sooner into the measures prescribed them, but the younger members, whose hopes and fears were less influenced by worldly motives, could not readily be brought to concur with the court, so that the convocation broke up without coming to any decision. Whereupon the king wrote to the doctors and bachelors of divinity in the university, acquainting them that he was highly offended at the insolence of the Regents and other Masters who had not, he said, arrived at years of discretion to qualify them to make a judgment in so weighty a case, and declared, if they neglected to conform to the examples of the doctors, and obsti-

nately opposed their authority to that of the sovereign power, they should soon be made sensible what it was to provoke it." (Modern Hist.)

G. G. CUNNINGHAM.—"Cranmer spent nearly two years in Germany in endeavoring to convince the Lutheran divines of the nullity of the king's marriage. He succeeded in gaining over Osiander to his sentiments, with several members also of the emperor's court and council." (Lives of English Archb.)

BURNET.—"Grineus (a German Protestant divine) seemed to be of opinion that though the marriage was ill-made, yet it ought not to be dissolved, and inclined rather to advise that the king should take *another wife*, keeping the queen still. . . . Melancthon advised the king's taking another wife, justifying *polygamy from the Old Testament*." (Hist. of Refor.)

CUNNINGHAM.—"Cranmer's intercourse at this time with the German Protestants, particularly Osiander and Bucer, tended to confirm those views of religion which he had begun to cherish while at Cambridge, and, though yet holding the status of a Catholic clergyman, he was privately married to a niece of his friend Osiander. He was yet in Germany when he received notice of his appointment to the metropolitan See of England. He at first seriously hesitated to accept of this promotion. The marriage had placed him in an awkward dilemma, for Henry, to the day of his death, was a stern enforcer of the celibacy of the clergy. It was also a difficult matter for him, holding the sentiments which he did, to swear canonical obedience to the pontiff. Under these circumstances he adopted a line of conduct which (Parliament) Bishop Burnet has characterized as agreeing better with the maxims of canonists and casuists (*knaves and thieves*) than with sincerity and integrity; he

contented himself with a private protestation to the effect that he did not intend, by his oath to the Pope, to restrain himself from anything to which he was bound by his duty to the king, or from taking any part in any reformation of the English Church which he might judge to be required." (Lives of English Archb.)

HUME.—"This was not very compatible with that strict sincerity, and that scrupulous conscience, of which Cranmer made profession.

"Henry, finding the new queen's pregnancy to advance, publicly owned his marriage, and in order to remove all doubts with regard to its lawfulness, he prepared measures for declaring by a formal sentence the invalidity of his marriage with Catherine, a sentence which ought naturally to have preceded his espousing of Anne.

"The king had always treated Catherine with respect and distinction, and he endeavored by every soft and persuasive art to engage her to depart from her appeal to Rome and her opposition to the divorce. Finding her obstinate in maintaining the justice of her cause, he had totally forborne all visits with her, and desired her to make choice of any one of his palaces in which she should please to reside. She had fixed her abode for some time at Amptill, near Dunstable, and it was in this latter town that Cranmer was appointed to open his court for examining the validity of her marriage." (Hist. of England.)

CUNNINGHAM.—"The first act of the new archbishop was one in direct opposition to Papal authority, namely, the pronouncing sentence of divorce between Henry and Catherine. It is impossible to acquit Cranmer of blame in this transaction, for although he was only one of several joined in the same commission on this occasion, yet there can be no doubt that his influence was original and decisive

of the question. His misconduct, however, was greatly aggravated, as he had previously assisted at Henry's private marriage with Anne." (Life of Cranmer.)

HUME.—"By a subsequent sentence he ratified the marriage with Anne Boleyn, who soon after was crowned queen with all the pomp and dignity suited to that ceremony. To complete the king's satisfaction on the conclusion of this intricate and vexatious affair, she was safely delivered of a daughter, who received the name of Elizabeth. Henry was so much delighted with the birth of this child, that soon after he conferred upon her the title of Princess of Wales, a step somewhat irregular, as she could only be presumptive, not heir-apparent to the crown. But he had during his former marriage thought proper to honor his daughter Mary with that title, and he was determined to bestow on the offspring of his present marriage the same mark of distinction, as well as to exclude the elder princess from all hopes of succession. . . . In order to efface as much as possible all marks of his first marriage, Lord Mountjoy was sent to the unfortunate and divorced queen, to inform her that she was thenceforth to be treated only as Princess-dowager of Wales, and all means were employed to make her acquiesce in that determination. But she continued obstinate in maintaining the validity of her marriage, and she would admit no person to her presence who did not approach her with the accustomed ceremonial. Henry, forgetting his wonted generosity to-

ward her, employed menaces against such of her servants as complied with her commands in this particular, but was never able to make her relinquish her title and pretensions." (Hist. of England.)

LORD HERBERT.—"The news of Cranmer's sentence and open marriage of Mistress Anne Boleyn being come to the Pope's ears, and together with it an information concerning the book the king had composed against the Pope's authority, the whole College of Cardinals became humble suppliants to the Pope that he would proceed rigorously against the king." (Life of Henry.)

HUME.—"Clement proceeded no farther than to declare the nullity of Cranmer's sentence, as well as that of Henry's second marriage, threatening him with excommunication, if before the first of November ensuing he did not replace everything in the condition in which it formerly stood." (Hist. of England.)

HERBERT.—"By a final determination (of the Pope and cardinals assembled in consistory), March 29th, 1533, the marriage with Queen Catherine was pronounced good, and Henry commanded to accept her for his wife, and in case of refusal, censures were fulminated against him. . . . This being advertised to the king, he became so sensible of the indignity wherewith he was used in this important affair, that he separated himself from the obedience of the Church, but not from the religion thereof (some few articles only excepted) as shall appear hereafter." (Life of Henry.)

HOW MUCH HE LOVED HER.

I.

LILY THORNBERG was "tired of the world." You would not have thought so, if you could have seen her on the morning in question. She certainly did not afford a good study for a picture of a person in that state of mind. The bloom of sixteen asserted itself rosily on her cheeks, and the cherry lips that had just made the cynical declaration, insisted on smiling immediately afterwards. The girlish brow wore upon it an eminently unsuccessful attempt at a frown, and the soft, brown eyes vainly essayed the stern and implacable in expression. She was sauntering along a garden walk, daintily arrayed in the "very latest" among white morning costumes, with just a thought of rose in the way of ribbons. Her slippered feet being small and very airy in their tread, conspired to make the picture still more unsuitable, and though she ruthlessly tore to pieces a beautiful rosebud as she proceeded onward, even that gave the idea of pretty thoughtlessness, rather than deep and misanthropic thought.

All these "appearances were deceitful," however; they were of the kind which, without being "gold," have the impudence to "glitter." Lily Thornberg, just one week deep in the fathomless joys of vacation, no longer found a charm in life. "Tired of the world," expressed her sole view of that "earthly stage."

"Yes, I'm just tired to death of it! That's all!"

"Every word, Lill?"

"Ugh!"

Now I will admit it is not possible to render that exclamation on paper, and that it is equally impossible to describe the accompanying look and gesture. It comes nearer

to the cry and the gesture with which one flings off a spider, or a June bug, or a beetle, than anything else, but this does not entirely present it to the mind. Girls always do it, and exclaim it, when they are pouting and found out, as Lily was now. For, confronting her at a turn in the walk, stood a tall and rather ungainly figure of a man, clad in the linen morning costume, which certainly adds nothing to masculine grace of form. He had a massive, intellectually marked head, and a face, not exactly handsome, but indescribably winning from its kindly smile, and the light of a pair of rare gray eyes. He was past the flush of youth, but still in his prime. He was regarding her with a half anxious, half amused look, and in answer to her exclamation said quietly, "Walk with me, Lill."

She proceeded to do so, with the air of a captive princess under convoy of a giant. Some such thought must have struck him, as he looked down on her from his height, for he laughed and said,

"Nay, I would be knight in place of captor, and do service if possible. What is the matter? Of what are you tired?"

"I said it, Hugh! The world!"

"Any reason for your fatigue?"

He elevated his eyebrows in a vain attempt to be serious.

"Yes, plenty! We've gone to Cresson ever since I was a little bit of a thing, and I'm tired of it with its wooden walks, and pasteboard cottages, and eternal iron spring! And here, mamma is going there again, and we'll see the very same things, and people, and places."

"Even sky," slyly put in her listener, more to give her a moment's breathing-space, than for any other reason.

"Yes, sky, too! I'm tired even of it. And I'm sixteen this year, and though I am going back to school, I think mamma might let me have a *little* of my way. And I never had such lovely things, either. I'd like to go to some new place with them. It's simply outrageous."

"And the end of it all is, you're tired of the world, dear, poor Lill."

There was deep feeling in the tone, and it turned the words which might have been mockery, into earnest sympathy. The truth was he scarcely knew whether the supreme youthfulness of the complaint, or its entire want of reality as a trouble, touched him most, but touched he was, where any one else would have laughed.

"You're so good, Hugh," said Lily, subdued in an instant, "so very good to me always, but then—you're good to everybody!"

He laughed a mellow, hearty laugh.

"I wish I could be, Lill, that's all. As for you—"

"Do, Hugh—go to mamma for me! Coax her to take us to Atlantic City. So many of the girls will be there, and not one at Cresson."

"This is the place, Pettie."

These words, said in a very musical voice, but with a sigh breathing through every tone, interrupted them. They were walking near a fence separating the garden from the street, and the speaker was outside.

"It is a lovely place—sweet, perfectly lovely."

A little weak voice, the voice of a child, answered,

"When we get home you will tell me about it, Lena, and now, while you're in, I'll pray to Blessed Mother for you, and then I'll sit here and smell the flowers. It's nearly as nice to smell them as to see them, you know."

"My pet—my good, little pet."

Then there was a sound of a kiss. Hugh and Lily exchanged glances; his, touched and solemn; hers, wondering and sympathizing. They watched the gate open. A figure of a girl clothed in deep mourning passed in, passed up the walk to the door, stopping by the way to look at, to inhale the fragrance of, to almost caress the flowers that grew in beds or vases on every side. They could not see her face, and they were very silent. As she passed in the hall door, they, without saying a word, and as if with one impulse, began to gather flowers. When they had enough, they went out where the little voice had indicated the waiting child, "praying to Blessed Mother."

She sat upon a ledge of the stone foundation whereon the iron fence was fixed. She was a tiny thing, not more than seven years old, with face like a fading lily, framed in rings of golden hair, that clung around it like sunlight striving to revive it. She was singing to herself softly,

"And God said, 'Let light be,'—
And so 'twill come to me."

At sound of their footsteps, she raised her eyes. They were blue, and large, and beautiful, but sightless. Lily said softly,

"Did you make that song yourself, my dear?"

The delicate face flushed—

"I did not know any one was listening," was the evasive answer, and the flushed face strove to turn itself away.

Hugh gave a meaning look to Lily. Then the big man came forward, put a protecting arm around the fragile form, and held fresh roses to the averted face. It lit instantly.

"Ah!" in accents of joy, "flowers."

"Yes," said Hugh, in a familiar, kindly tone, "they are like light."

The child immediately nestled to him.

"And they come to you as the light cannot," he continued.

"Are you tired, dear? Shall I carry you into the shade?"

"Lena could not find me," but the tone was faint. "Poor Lena! Oh, kind voice, who are you? Our hearts are breaking."

Then the golden head lay back on the supporting arm quite helpless. He carried the quiet little form into the garden.

"Run for some wine, Lill," said he, "and tell—no, her sister would be frightened—say nothing, but hurry back."

He took off the child's hat, and laid back the motionless head on his shoulder, feeling a strange sense of love and power to protect as he did so. He felt that her form was very fragile, and the tiny hands falling like dead ones on either side were wasted to a painful degree.

"She seems like one starving," he thought. "Poor little blind sufferer."

And with supreme tenderness of heart, he kissed her. At this, the sightless eyes opened, ecstasy on the wan face.

"O dear God!" she cried softly and with a repressed delight in every tone, "did you send me back my papa?"

His heart came to his eyes, and spite of himself, threw a mist there.

"Oh speak!" implored the child's half fainting voice. "I never had a kiss like that but his! Are you papa? Will you keep Lena from going away?"

"I am not papa, dear," he said, the mist increasing for her disappointment, "but maybe I can keep—"

He stopped, for Lily handed him the wine. He put it to her lips; she drank it eagerly, like one famished. It was well he stopped; he thought to himself, how could he keep Lena from going away?

"Tell me," said he gently, "why must your sister go away?"

"The lady wants some one to stay with her, when she goes, and the lady is blind like me, and Lena saw it in the paper, and thought she'd know how to mind her. And she couldn't get anybody to teach music to, and then we'd have no money. And so she has to leave me with Mrs. O'Connor, for, of course, the lady wouldn't have me. And then, you know, the lady will pay Lena, and she'll pay for me, and after awhile she'll get me cured. But I try not to let on, even to Blessed Mother, *how awful* it is for Lena to go, and I beg her to get her the place, for Lena's just breaking her heart because I'm so weak."

Hugh and Lily had exchanged many a look during this simple story, and it was not now very easy for either to speak. At last he broke the silence.

"Have you no one but—but—Lena, my dear?" he said in a voice of very peculiar and sudden hoarseness.

"No, sir. Mamma is dead, and papa is—is—lost!"

"Lost!"

"Yes, sir. He said 'Good-bye, Pettie,' to me that night, and kissed me just like you, and he never came back, and we never could find him. And bad men said bad things about him, but they're not true. And we had a nice house, and plants, and a piano, and somebody took them, for now we haven't got any of them, and Lena works. And if she has to stop working, then she cries, for she says I'll have no bread and butter."

"Would you like to go with Lena?" asked Lily softly, her interest in the world evidently revived.

"Oh!" That was all the answer, but the voice held delight supreme.

"What do you do all day while Lena is working?" asked Hugh,

with a furtive intent of getting at the origin of the little song.

"I—I try to work too, and Lena says it's nice—but *I* always think it's all wrong, and I sing little songs about light."

"And who makes them?"

"Lena makes some, and I"—she stopped and laughed the funniest of little laughs—"well, I'm trying to be like Lena all the time, you know, so I try to make some of them too. She told me light came just because God said so, and I wait"—such a patient, trusting look as here stole over the little face—"I just wait for him to say it shall come to me, like he sent it to the world!"

Now they could not speak at all; the finest effort of the most finished eloquence could not have touched their very souls as did these childish words. While they sat in the silence created by them the hall door opened, and the figure draped in mourning came out, the hands clasped over the heart, and the veil down. Lily advanced to meet it, saying, with girlish sympathy in tone and look,

"Your little pet grew sick, and we brought her into the shade. Do not be frightened," as a cry of alarm came from the overburdened heart, "she is better."

The figure followed her quickly to the spot where Hugh still held the child in his arms. At sound of the footsteps she sprang from them, eager, glad, anxious! The veil was flung back, and kisses showered in silence upon the golden head. Then the face upraised itself to Hugh, standing quite overpowered by the picture, and looking down upon it as from a very misty height indeed. There was no need for words in sight of that face, it spoke with such reality of expression the feeling of the owner's heart. Indeed, it must be confessed, as this is a true history, there lurked in the secret soul of the big

man a desire that, just then, no talking should take place, inasmuch as looking on was so exceedingly pleasant. No, my acute young reader, Hugh was *not* a "lady's man;" on the contrary, society had long ago voted him a "bear."

But let us return to the face; let us take it in from Hugh's point of view. Owning but little of bloom, and marked by an expression of very deep trouble, yet fair beyond words. A lily of a face, its heart open, and nothing but whiteness there, it seemed, as he looked, that its purity bloomed from her inmost being. Now, in lieu of speech, she raised her eyes to his; honest eyes of pure gray, in whose serene depths the soul of a woman seemed awaiting its work, and he met the glance with one of reverence. "Thank you!" she said, simply bending those gray eyes lovingly on the child for all explanation.

"It was a pleasure," he answered quite as simply, and the instinct of the gentleman asserting itself, followed her and opened the gate for her without further conversation, and bowed like the veriest slave before his queen as she passed out.

"At last!" said Lily, smiling to herself, and watching with school-girl astuteness; "Hugh never acted that way to the belle of belles in society."

II.

THEY went into the house together, into a pleasant room, where sat a drooping figure of a lady, prematurely old, the drooping, not alone of body, but of heart, of mind. The hands were clasped in idleness, but not in rest, for they clutched each other impatiently, and with a force that was toil in itself. The head was bowed sadly, as if to be in keeping with the falling of the eyelids over the evidently

useless eyes. The sunlight fell softly on this figure through the misty medium of lace curtains, and flowers bloomed everywhere in the room, filling it with fragrance. Birds sang there too; a reading desk, on which lay works of good authors, awaited some willing occupant to give voice to the thoughts they held, and a piano and harp stood invitingly ready for skilful fingers to awake their notes. This was Lily Thornberg's mother in her own room. With all it held of beauty and light, supreme desolation alone rose before you if you stood on the threshold looking at that listless and sorrowful figure. At sound of Hugh's footsteps she roused herself, smiled, and put out her hand.

"Ah! I am glad you are come, Hugh, my dear," she said, "I have good news for you."

"Perhaps I know it, mother," he answered in a cheery tone, always used for her benefit; "does it refer to your advertisement for a companion?"

"Yes, out of fifty applicants, I have selected her."

"O mamma!" cried Lily, "I hope it is the young lady in black called Lena!"

"So you have been prying about, curious little school-girl! And you, Hugh?"

"Have been helping her, I fear, mother. I, too, wish it may be the young lady called Lena." It is quite a coincidence, that every time this apparently easily uttered word came to his lips some obstruction of speech instantly arose.

"Why you are both alike fortunate! This assumes the air of a fairy tale! you no sooner wish than your wish is granted!"

Hugh moved towards the nearest window and began taking a very careful survey of the weather. No one interrupted him; he was quite free as Lill rattled on:

"O mamma, I've a favor to beg!

I'm ashamed of myself about Atlantic City now."

"A very good beginning, my dear; quite a passport to success. What made you ashamed?"

"A sight I saw out there," and the pretty face was suffused and the lips stopped smiling to tremble. "Mamma, I was tired of the world I said, because we were going to our own cottage upon the free, fresh mountain, and just then God showed me a dear little child pining and dying for country air, and blind besides. Oh mamma, it shamed me! And how I have tormented you, too, about this!"

The mother seated in the darkness drew her very close to her.

"No, my child," she said tenderly, "but I do not want you to go to those strange places till you are older. I want my little girl to be a little girl as long as possible, that is all. Now, your favor, dear?"

"I want you to bring the little girl with us, to try if it will restore her, for she is Lena's sister."

"Poor thing!" Mrs. Thornberg mused; "that was what ailed her. I never heard so sorrowful a voice. Hugh!"

He startled slightly.

"Well, mother?"

"What impression did this young lady make on you?"

Having for the last half hour been vainly striving to analyze the "impression" himself, this unconscious question was a bombshell thrown with alarming effect.

"Really, mother," he blurted out, with strange timidity for so big a man, "it is not easy to form an opinion of—"

"That's true," she broke in, entirely unconscious still, "of one you have seen so little. Well, after awhile tell me if she does not strike you as a person consumed by some very deep sorrow!"

"I will watch, mother."

What a prophecy! But he did not know; God mercifully hides

from us the full meaning of our own designs. And mercifully he translates them to his, without giving us a foreknowledge of what we might dread and grieve over, though, when it comes unannounced, we bear it bravely, and find a crown in the endurance.

"And Hugh," said Lily, whispering in his ear, half roguishly, half seriously, "after awhile tell me how much you love her!"

"What is that?" said Mrs. Thornberg.

Hugh held up a warning finger. "Nothing, mother; she is a little goose; never mind her."

"Oh no," said Lily, mischievously; "not a thing, mamma; it's 'of no consequence' whatsoever."

"Not if you're twitting him about this young lady; Hugh is heart-proof, and will take care of his mother. And your favor, dear, is granted."

III.

THE result of all of which was that they went to Cresson, accompanied by the usual amount of baggage, and amidst a very unusual amount of general rejoicing. The clouds entirely disappeared from the blind child's brow, but the "bear" watching perceived that not even the charms of the spot, nor yet the unexpected delight of having her sister with her, won Lena to any greater demonstration of joy than a sweet smile occasionally breaking over the pale serenity of her face, or a very faint and low and tender snatch of song for the child when she thought none else listened. Watching further he saw that the purity of her countenance, and the nobility of her brow, were but the impress of the soul within; that, upheld by the lofty virtue of that soul, a woman's heart struggled bravely with some deep and uncommon sorrow; that self had no life in it, but it compelled life to stay for

some greater object. It was with a feeling akin to awe he approached this watch, and one chiefly made up of worship that he received these impressions into his mind. Therefore he stood at a distance, not daring, from the very depth of this worship, to venture too near. But from the distance he sent out all of protection and tenderness and anxious jealousy about what concerned her happiness, or even her comfort, that a good and thoroughly honest heart could send. Such is the character of love's awakening in the heart of true manhood; such the dawn of that light which can come but once into the good man's life, but which does not fade even in death.

For her, she walked through life, wearing the charmed veil of sorrow, which shuts us in from the clear view of outer objects so that they affect us but little. To care for the pleasures of the blind lady in the most perfect and sympathetic way; to awaken in the soul of the loving and honest but rather trifling Lily an instinct for higher aims; to fill the dark life of the little child with light created by her love, were all she seemed striving to accomplish. Either from this, or because it was so unobtrusively offered, chiefly revealing itself in little things, she never recognized in Hugh's conduct the homage it held. In her eyes he was the kindest of friends, but as Lily's assertion that he was "good to everybody" was no exaggeration, she included herself as one of the many called "everybody." His manner always bore for her such deep and genuine respect that it covered the hidden motive of his kindness, which she therefore accepted freely and with such gratitude as it deserved.

Though at a fashionable watering-place, they lived very quietly, occupying their own cottage and using their own conveyance for

drives and excursions, of which they had abundance, but never taking part in any of the public or general festivities of the place. Of course in this they were an exception, and, as all exceptions must, had the ins and outs of their motives and doings very extensively cared for by Mrs. Grundy and her innumerable tongues. Every tongue had a different explanation, and the only one circumstance in which they unanimously agreed was their being all—wrong. Mrs. Thornberg simply spent the summer in the country *for the country* as “made” by “God,” and having tried pastoral life as exemplified to the city health-seeker at farmhouses, and found it “wanting”—most especially in the comforts currently believed to be inseparable from life on a farm—adopted the rather difficult expedient of living as here described. Lily was not allowed to go to hops, “dramatic entertainments,” or picnics; neither did she perambulate the “wooden walks” in the evening, escorted by some strange dandy, whose principal qualifications for society lay in his boots and cane; nor yet take long rides with people of the same ilk, returning therefrom after midnight; nor yet rush to “the train” for purposes only known to the unfathomable mind of a “girl” on watering-place delights intent. So in the eyes of society Lily was a martyr, and would never be married unless, indeed, she had the courage to elope. Well, this “martyr” owned not an ungratified wish in the way of viewing beautiful scenery, exploring lovely places, hearing fine music, or reading the best literature. Mrs. Thornberg’s cottage, too, was a hospitable resort for all the finest minds that came to see the far-famed beauties of “the Mountain,” and many a pleasant memory they carried to distant sanctums, and studios, and libraries, of the delicious meetings

there, where wit and intellect held supreme sway, but where fashion entered not.

I have said that to society’s discriminating powers Hugh was a “bear.” Did you ever notice the “lady’s man” at home? Because if you did, you would recognize in Hugh Macdonald his complete opposite. Too much wrapped up in care for the lightest wish of her he called mother to let any other care precede it; too intent on preserving fresh and innocent the girlhood of his adopted sister to allow this motive any place but second to that; ready to do either every service; never having “plans” to conflict with theirs; a true “knight” in chivalric devotion to the two amongst women who, of all others, ought to own the privilege. This, of course, occupied the thoughts and the time given by the modern “lady’s man” to every one amongst women but those to whom it is really due. Where society finds him a “fine fellow,” or “an exquisite creature,” or a “perfect gentleman,” home finds him a selfish, exacting brute, which dresses itself up in faultless costume, and goes out to be transformed into an idol. But Hugh is now the object of our attention. He was once a poor little boy, with slender prospects in life. It happened that Mrs. Thornberg’s only son, bathing in water not far from where he lived, got beyond his depth, and would have drowned, but that Hugh plunged in and brought him to the shore. For this she adopted and educated him, treating him in all respects like the son whose life he saved. This son, whom she idolized, grew up extravagant and dissipated, causing her indescribable affliction. She paid his debts several times, crippling herself to such a degree, though her means were large, that it fell to Hugh’s lot to save her from becoming completely penniless, by money advanced in

timely sums, and earned by him in the practice of his profession—medicine. Finally, this son, in whom good qualities existed, but who was carried away by that whirlwind of ruin, bad company, was overcome by shame and remorse on an occasion when his mother had released him from overpowering debt. "Hugh, dear old fellow," said he, "I'll go away. If I become anything worth hearing of, you'll all hear from me; if not, good-bye forever." So he went.

If weeping could bring on blindness, it certainly formed the cause of Mrs. Thornberg's, for she wept incessantly after his departure. Be that as it may, she lost her sight, and then indeed Hugh became the light of her life. It was devotion supreme and undivided that he bestowed upon her, and but for it her affliction would have been intolerable. Naturally of an energetic and busy turn of mind, the inaction consequent upon it would have deprived her of her reason. But he managed to fill the unwillingly idle life by giving up his own to it, and saved her.

"He is truly the life of my very life," said she to Lena, one day. "He is everything to me. And yet—and yet—this should not be!"

"Not be!" was the echo in the voice that ever held a tone of sadness to that ear, rendered all the more acute by the absence of sight.

"No; you do not know, my dear, that I have—I had a son."

"Dead?" inquired Lena, softly.

"Ah!" was the bitter reply, bitterly given, "that would have been a blessing in comparison to the reality! Yes; I have lived to learn that death to those we love is not heaven's severest blow to us who love them. Before my husband's youth had faded, he peacefully laid down life's burden. I thought, as I kissed him in his coffin, that no grief could be so bitter as mine,

and that for him thus early to leave life, and love, and hope, was a fearful dispensation. Ah! I have lived to thank the Divine Dispenser for saving him from the bitter woe of long life, and for leaving me the memory of that still face I kissed, with no mark of pain or wrinkle of time printed on it to change it from what I loved."

"You do not think the love could have changed!" broke from the heart of the girl.

"I did not once," she spoke even more bitterly than before. "Now I think any change possible in that which is of this life. The grave is changeless, and over it we may weep and pray, and this is peace! Over living treachery and ingratitude we can but curse and rage, and this is—hell!"

The manner, the voice, the gesture were terribly vehement, and the involuntary raising of the sightless eyes added to their tragedy. The girl was overpowered into silence for a few moments. Then said she,

"Nay, over ingratitude and treachery, prayer is more needed, and so more powerful than over a grave, and curses and rage but increase their sting, as thorns might chafe a gaping wound."

"Have you yet experienced treachery and ingratitude?" The tone was a challenge. "If not, then you are not qualified to say this."

"God knows I have."

"And you, so young. Have you prayed over it?"

"If I had not," and the heart of the speaker was evidently in her voice, "I would have taken my own life to avoid its pain."

"But ah!" this passionately, "you were not a mother, and your own child did not desert you. You cannot guess the depth of my sorrow."

"No, but the farther beyond human understanding, the more

surely does it belong to God to fathom it, and prayer brings it to his feet," was the powerful answer, quietly given.

Then the sightless eyes wept, and a trembling hand wandered to the mother's breast, and taking therefrom a locket, handed it to Lena.

"Look," she said in a choking voice; "that is my boy."

She opened it. Light, lovely light leaped over the white calm of her face—her eyes smiled, her cheeks blushed softly, her lips opened to utter some sweet word. She was transformed. The word remained unuttered, but the picture was silently pressed to her lips.

"What do you think of it?" asked the unconscious witness of this strange conduct.

"He is not unworthy," and the tone was triumph and certainty, none of the habitual sadness in the voice, none of the tremor.

"You would not think so," was the sorrowful answer, "from the beautiful and noble face and head."

Lena opened it again softly, with a hush on her face.

"Noble and beautiful" surely; the features chiselled perfectly as a sculptor's dream, the black eyes melting, the mouth full and exquisitely shaped, the brow open and massive, the whole most beautifully framed in curling black beard and hair. Indeed, it was more like an ideal face and head than the picture of a living one.

"But," went on the mother, speaking wistfully, "all the nobility and beauty you see there was in his nature too, and all destroyed by the one characteristic of yielding too easily to the influences around him."

"Such natures, you must remember," answered the girl, speaking in a low and brooding tone, like one just awakening from some happy dream, "are capable of yielding to influence for good as well as evil."

"Yes, yes," and the listener sighed; "my Max's poor life was a mistake."

"Max." It was a cry of joyous recognition.

"Yes, my dear. You seem to like the name."

"I do," and the heart of a blush unfolded itself on her cheek, which the "bear," entering with "Pettie" in his arms, saw and stood spell-bound.

"Why did you stop?" cried the child; "tell me what you see."

"I see, I see," said Hugh abstractedly, "a rose of a very rare kind, Pettie."

"Tell me about it; is it the glad kind that people who can see call red?"

"Yes, the glad kind decidedly, Pettie. A miracle has been worked."

"Bring it to me, let me feel it," she cried eagerly.

"No, I will bring you to it. I could not, if I would, remove it."

There was adoration in his eyes, as he placed the tiny creature on Lena's knee, who, not seeing it, began to caress the golden head offered to her. But the quick ear of the mother detected it in the words just uttered, in the voice that uttered them, so she said to herself smiling, "It is well, and she is worthy of him."

"Where is the rose?" demanded Pettie.

"On—on your sister's cheek; isn't that good news?"

The little hand passed itself over the face above it.

"Oh, her cheek is warm!" cried the child; "it feels like roses ought to, soft—soft and warm." She sung the latter words to herself.

So then the mother listening eagerly, said inwardly,

"And she has read his voice as I have, and this rose they speak of is a blush, so he will be happy."

But Hugh, watching, saw a certain far-off look in the eyes he

adored, and knew the rose was not blooming for him. Then he thought he knew "how much he loved her."

IV.

"Do you think any one ever, ever could see music?" said Pettie to Hugh some days afterwards, as they sat in the pretty vine-covered porch of the cottage at twilight, while Lena played inside.

"Never!" he replied, in a hushed way.

"I'm so sorry, I love it better than anything, and when I wait for God to send me the light, I always hope for it to be the next thing I see after Lena's face. Did no one ever see it?"

"No one."

"O now I know!" after a minute of puzzled thought; "it must be the soul of the light, and we'll see it in heaven."

"Exquisite thought!" he cried.

"Hush! listen!"

They listened, the golden head nestling to his shoulder, as he loved it to do. The fingers of the player trembled at first, softly touching broken chords, and little rippling interludes, that lost themselves in deep low notes, like the echo of some requiem. But, after a few minutes of this kind of playing, she seemed transformed. She ruled the instrument like an autocrat, compelling it to do her bidding, and it wailed, it struggled like a human heart in agony, it spoke all the grandeur of supreme sorrow, it laid softly down to die in one exquisite quivering throb of sweetest treble, fainter, fainter, gone! Then a burst, a very thunder-chorus of triumph, victory, bliss, that no words could ever have embodied. The listeners sat spell-bound when it had ceased, gave it the very soul of genuine applause—silence. When this had had its sway Hugh arose and went in, a spell upon him.

"What is it, Miss Payne?" he said breathlessly.

"The name of it," was the answer, "is 'Life and Death;' life, the wail and the struggle; death, the victory."

"And Lena made it," cried the child; "made it all herself. I hope it went to heaven, so I'll see it there."

"Hush, dear," said Lena, quietly.

"May I ask," he went on, "if that is your personal idea of life, or rather your personal experience?"

"Before I came here, yes."

"And since?" eagerly.

"But for bitter memories, it is—peace."

"And that is all."

"All!"

She went to take the child from his arms, in order to put her to bed. The little one held hers tightly around his neck, kissed him, cried to him, "I love you so! I'll love you in my dreams, and the angels will see. Good night."

With the echoes of the two voices in his soul, he sat down, and Lily, coming in unconscious, went to the piano and sung in low, tender tone,

"The dew sprang silent, and in places lowly,
Its wondrous task wrought out, unmarked of men,
The sun but looked on it—transformed it wholly;
Lo! to a blaze of diamonds turned it then."

"O soul! that, silent, doeth God's work, hidden
Thy humble lot in earth's proud walks. Work on,
God will look on thee! By that love-light bidden,
Thy acts will shine as gems in fadeless dawn."

"Lill!" This from the darkness and the silence.

"Gracious! how you frightened me."

"Where did you get that?"

"From Lena, from whom," and the girlish voice dropped softly, as if wishing to rest in her heart, "I have got more of what takes people to heaven, than I ever did from any other human being. You've been good to me, dear old Hugh, but you don't understand a girl, and she does, there's the difference. Why, I was a miserable little fool,

and she has taught me to prepare myself to be a woman. I'm sure I never thought of being a woman at all before, but only of being a fool."

"And the song?"

"Is her own, music and words. She does these things as easily as I'd crochet—all I'm good for, by the way."

"Poetess and musician," he said gently, more to himself than to her.

"Yes, and unrecognized!" said Lily, indignantly; "and those two little verses tell beautifully the story of her present beautiful life. Oh Hugh!" the tone was almost maniacal in its joy, "there's a ghost, or—Max!"

He turned. In the doorway stood a figure both loved, the figure of the prodigal son, handsomely dressed, manly, erect with the consciousness of truth, altogether transformed since last they saw it. There was some rushing and kissing, and then,

"O Max! how did it come about?"

"An angel crossed my path, little sister, such an angel as every good woman can be, and such a one as I hope you'll prove yet, to some one worthier of it than I."

"But tell the story."

"Let me go to my mother first; let me bring her to listen. No," as they stood up to accompany him, "I must be with her awhile alone."

"But Lena," whispered Lily, when he had gone, "tell me now how much do you love her, Hugh?"

"I cannot, dear." That was all. And it was the echo of the inmost voice of his heart. Ah! he had yet to learn *how* much he loved her.

V.

AFTER awhile, a long while, they came down together, the mother, all bitterness gone from her heart, and the happy, new-found son

leading her tenderly. And this was the story:

"Briefly, I have loved a good woman since I left you, an outcast and a spendthrift. All my remorse, all my penitent resolves, all the energy of my manhood would have gone for nothing, in the difficult task of my reformation, but for the stay of her beautiful influence. I went to her father's house to seek employment. She, a school-girl then like Lill there, was sitting with him in his library when I was shown in. I must have looked pretty forlorn, for I remember my principal sensation as I passed her with a bow was, that such a glance of pity as one might bestow on a beggar came to me from the innocent calm of her eyes. Her father was rather stern than otherwise, questioned me pretty closely, wanted reference. Spoiled and lonely as I was, I grew stung to the quick.

"Try me, sir," said I; 'give me any honest employment, no matter how humble; let my conduct answer for reference. I can abide by the test.'

"He reflected; she glided to him, whispered softly in his ear; I could hear the gentle words, though they were not meant for mine.

"Try him, papa; I am sure he is unfortunate.'

"He 'tried' me. I was not found wanting, but I may thank her as my good angel. I was often tempted, often ready to yield to old habits, but when I remembered that this must separate me from her pure and lovely presence, which grew to be heaven for me, I resisted, and then, through the privilege of being admitted to it, I learned from her lips, from her life, from her every act, the might of prayer and the truth of religion's power. So I grew to love the ground she walked on; to shape my life so as to be worthy of hers, and all you see me, and more that I am which you cannot see, are

the result of her example and her teaching."

"Oh, Max!" in a breathless whisper from Lily, "I am so glad! Where is she?"

He shook his head, the young, handsome head, with its glory of shining black waves, and said nothing for a moment. Then, with a falling of the voice and a tremor of the lips, answered,

"Dear, I cannot tell, and simple as are these words they are a tragedy to me. I may never see her again, and my life is a blank without her."

Hugh, sitting in the quiet lamplight, his heart full, said earnestly,

"No wonder, Max; God help you, old fellow!"

"So!" ejaculated Max, "you know." Yes, how well he knew!

"But, Max, what happened?" said Lily.

"One of the saddest things I ever knew. Her father was not a wealthy man, but able to keep his family in something more than comfort. He was cashier in one of the prominent banks, and he employed me as his private secretary. She idolized this father, indeed, seemed to live for him alone. Imagine the terrible trial that befell that heart, so tender of the failings of others, that I have known it to shed tears over the woes of some poor little street Arab. He was found murdered in his bed one morning, and the next day five thousand dollars were missing from the safe in the bank. On inquiring into his affairs it was discovered that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. This circumstance set gossiping tongues to work, and he was accused of embezzling the money, and committing suicide to escape detection. It was one of those cases where either theory could be supported by circumstantial evidence, and a dead man cannot defend himself, so the hitherto spotless character went down into

the bloodstained grave blackened. Poor Madeline." He could not go on, and the listeners could not say one word. After some time he turned to his mother.

"It is not easy to tell the rest, mother," he said, as if she of all the world would understand. "All the steadfast truth of her character came forth then and asserted itself. She did not act like a slight and tender girl, but a tried and wonderful woman. She maintained her father's innocence; strove in every way to have it proved; failed. Then, that one cloud should be removed, she had everything sold, their handsome house, their furniture, their books, musical instruments, even her own jewels and other ornaments of value. With the proceeds she paid all her father's debts, and then was penniless! The day after all this I found a note awaiting me, when I called at the poor refuge where she had lodged during the time of trouble, an old servant's house. It said:

"'Good-bye, dear Max. I must earn a living now, and I could never do it here. Forgive me for leaving without seeing you once more, but brave though I seem, I could not brave the interview. You know, dear, I could never bring to you a blackened name, and so, for our lost happiness, God's will be done.'

"That was all;" the man's voice broke utterly, and the man's heart asserted itself in tears; "she was gone, no one knew where."

There was silence then, something akin to the awed and sorrowful silence we feel in presence of the dead. Its hush was broken by the patter of little bare feet along the hall, and robed in its soft, white night-dress, little hands outstretched, little face shining, Pettie stood in the doorway.

"My God!" exclaimed Max, in a voice altogether indescribable.

"Oh, Max! Oh, Max! I didn't

dream your voice then; it's you." As he held her close, close, Hugh knew, knew *all*; the others wondered, but he turned and went out into the night. He could not stay and see the rest.

Out there in the shadow of night upon the mountain, with God's sky above his head, the gentle and brave and noble heart bared itself before the Creator of all love. In that moment he *knew* completely, loftily, how much he loved her. For, by a strange dispensation of that Providence which compels our designs to his ends, he knew that he could make her happy. Whatever there might have been of temptation or of struggling, God alone saw; he rose with the calm majesty of manhood's resolve upon his brow, and turned to go back to his adopted brother.

But on the way he came to where a figure knelt, sobbing its heart away; a figure he knew, a figure dear beyond words.

"Lena," now the name came quite readily to his lips, "are you then so wretched?"

She raised her head, stood up quivering with agitation from head to foot, could not answer.

He thought of the heroic soul of the woman thus overcome, and did homage to it. He thought of the tender heart, and resolved to heal it. He thought of his own love, and said, "her happiness first."

"Lena," he said, in the quiet, loving tone of a father to a child, "your name is not Payne, and Max Thornberg is your lover!"

She looked out of the serene gray eyes with perfect trust, which shook his soul, but he went on.

"You do not marry him because your lofty heart repels the idea of associating disgrace with an honorable man's name. Go to your lover, my beloved. *I* can clear your father's name, and *I will*, for *I love you*." He bowed over her hand a moment, the supreme mo-

ment when he gave her up, kissed it with more of homage than tenderness, relinquished it gently.

Then she said, her woman's soul in her eyes,

"O royal heart! what can I give you in return?"

"Free acceptance of that which I offer. This will be honor in itself."

They said no more. He led her to Max; he heard their wondering and tender utterance of each other's names, and then he left them.

VI.

ONE of the "dailies" contained the next week the following paragraph, set in the midst of accounts of dresses, belles, "hops," &c., by a lively "correspondent:"

"A curious romance has just found an end here lately. Your readers will doubtless remember the murder of Mr. Brentford, cashier of the — Bank in P—, about a year ago. He was found dead in his bed, pierced by a bullet, but whether murder or suicide had taken place was never determined. The unfortunate gentleman was suspected of making away with five thousand dollars, which was missing from the bank at the same time, though there was no positive proof. It has come to light, through the agency of Dr. H. Macdonald, of your city, that he was the victim of murder and theft. The Doctor, who is very charitable, has been spending some of his leisure hours 'going about doing good' amongst the poor of this neighborhood. In his rounds he met with a dying man, who had 'fallen by the wayside,' and had him brought to a house and cared for. Partly in delirious ravings, and partly in a confession made during a lucid interval, the man revealed that he was both murderer and thief, and Mr. Brentford guiltless. Rumor says that under this

lies a deeper romance, Miss Madeline Brentford, his daughter, being a beautiful and highly educated young lady, but further deponent saith not."

"Deponent" knew no further. But Max Thornberg knew that his adopted brother had sacrificed the earnings of a lifetime in order to obtain the confession, which nothing but money would wring from the rascal. Hugh had been told just enough by him, before he understood Lena's history, to make him certain the information lay within his grasp, offering for a large sum to give the rest. The villain knew he would die, and had no terror of the law. He merely wanted to leave the bribe to his wife and family, who were in want, and had no part in his crimes. He got it, and died with no regret, save the one that his vicious career had been so unsuccessful.

And the brave heart began life

again, leaving happiness to those for whom he had purchased it. The blind child grew to be the sunshine of that pure and self-denying life, and he devoted himself to her education, making it the end of all his efforts. His is a career of which the world takes no note, but which works marvels of that charity "that passeth understanding."

"Hugh," said Lily, when time had passed, "why are you so much at peace, so different from all the men I know, in your quiet and useful life?"

"My dear," and the calm face lit, and the lips wore a smile not often seen on lips in this world, "be a good true woman; and the man who loves you will have his life ennobled and set apart, even if you do not return his love. He *cannot* become unworthy; though it may be through fiery trial, he will find *how much he loves you!*"

LIFE AND LOVE.

LIFE is a school where all have tasks to learn,
And some seem hard and others wondrous light;
Be sure that God will weigh and judge aright
Each passing thought and action in its turn.

Love is a tune that glideth smooth until
Some hidden chord is touched, and discord wakes,
And the sweet harmony of music breaks,
And dies away with a regretful thrill.

Yet life and love are both sublime, and none
Who look on them with dim untutored eyes
May venture either's beauty to despise;
For how could life be sweet if love were gone?

SUMMER MUSINGS IN THE GARDEN.

SUMMER has been justly named "the manhood of the year." Its powers are developed; its vigor is fresh; its plans are matured; it is in the full flush of beauty and buoyant with the joy and bustle of existence. Turn where we will there are proofs of operations begun and in progress which indicate design, wisdom, and activity; of an infancy and youth spent in preparation and ending in settled purposes, reduced to practice, and useful employments industriously prosecuted. Those who love "the country made by God," find this delightful season suggestive of reflections on the dignified and pleasing pursuit of horticulture.

In looking back to the history of gardening, it is impossible to forget that this was the occupation of the first man. At his creation God provided for him a garden in which, doubtless, was collected all that could charm the eye or gratify the appetite, and set him, as the sacred text says, "to dress it and to keep it." This indicates that, even in his primitive state of innocence and honor, industrious employment, something which might gently stimulate the faculties of his mind, and afford exercise to his bodily powers, was essential to his welfare. It was not simple occupation which became part of his curse at the fall, but severe and incessant toil. His employment must have had some useful aim, and hence we may conclude that, even when creation came first from the hand of the Eternal, there was a tendency in the vegetable world to rise into too luxuriant growth, which it was necessary to restrain by art. We may go further and conjecture that cultivation was rewarded then, as it is still, by forms of beauty, becoming under the plastic hand of man still

more beautiful, and objects of utility still more useful. It would be easy and delightful to expatiate on a theme so inviting to the imagination, but at present we have to deal with recorded facts.

We hear nothing farther of gardens before the deluge; but very early in the history of the Israelites, and throughout its whole continuance, they are mentioned in such terms as to show that they were not only familiar to that people, but objects of enjoyment. There is nowhere, however, any mention of the productions they contained, nor of the mode of their culture, if we except the very general title which sometimes occurs of "a garden of herbs," and the frequent allusion to the act of watering in connection with the same. It must strike any mind which has been accustomed to turn its attention to Scriptural analogies and contrasts, that as it was in a garden that Adam spent his days of innocence and happiness, so it was in a garden that he who condescended to be called the second Adam experienced the mysterious and amazing agony which formed the prelude to his redeeming sufferings.

In profane history we meet with frequent mention of gardens as existing in very early ages, often, however, mixed up with fable, and seldom accompanied with any circumstantial account which can throw light on the taste of the ancients, or the kinds of produce which they cultivated. The hanging gardens of Babylon form some exception to this remark; but while they convey to us an idea of expensive magnificence and extravagant luxury, the details are far too vague to satisfy the curiosity of an inquirer as to those matters in which he feels the greatest interest.

Nearly the same thing may be observed of the Persians. They are said to have been addicted to gardening from a very early period, but we know nothing of their arts of cultivation, and we hear from historians only of those gardens which were erected to gratify the profuse taste of monarchs, or to contribute to their Oriental splendor.

We learn that the Greeks took pleasure in horticultural pursuits, but we are informed only in general terms of the cultivation of flowers, of which that elegant people were exceedingly fond. They strewed them at their convivial meetings and religious ceremonies; they wore them in garlands and crowns; and they attached to them mythological types and meanings, which gave a peculiar and superstitious interest to their culture, and to the manner in which they were employed. From the Greeks the Romans borrowed many of their habits and tastes, with considerable modifications, however, consequent on their warlike propensities. Their love of gardening may probably be traced to their admiration of the people whom they acknowledged to be their masters in the arts and refinements of civilized society. The productions which they cultivated, however, were perhaps more numerous than those which adorned the gardens of the inhabitants of Greece, because the range of their conquests was more extensive, and this active and observant people never failed to appropriate to themselves whatever was useful in the practices or possessions of the countries they overran, while, with a generosity which, in some degree, compensated for their selfishness, they were eager to communicate to the vanquished the knowledge and the arts of civilized life which they had themselves acquired. Although we have little specific information on the subject, it may well be believed

that they carried with them, wherever they made a permanent settlement, an acquaintance with the pleasant and useful labors of the gardener.

In China it is probable that horticulture was early cultivated, and the inveterate habits of that singular people render it likely that their present modes of garden culture have been handed down from a remote antiquity. The missionary Jesuits who resided a number of years in China, mention in terms of commendation the manner in which gardens are managed in that country, particularly as relates to the raising of culinary vegetables. We possess severable valuable additions to our flower gardens derived from that quarter; among the rest some beautiful varieties of the camellia, pæonia, and rose. We may here remark how generous the Jesuits have been at all times in their "*conspiracy*" to gather up during their severe toils whatever information or productions might be useful to civilized life.

In turning to the state of European horticulture in modern times we shall find that the changes which have taken place in society since the classic ages, have not been less remarkable in this than in other arts. Among the natives of modern Greece and Italy there are few remains of the habits of the ancient inhabitants. They possess gardens, indeed, but they seem to take little interest in their cultivation. An abundance of vegetable productions is to be found in the Italian states, but while the gardens of the peasants are only scantily supplied with gourds and Indian corn, the arts of horticulture are but languidly pursued even by the wealthy, and it is only in the gardens attached to religious houses that we see any remains of the taste of former times. In Russia the practice of gardening was first introduced, along with many other improvements, by Pe-

ter, but it does not seem to have taken deep root, and is indeed almost exclusively confined to the higher classes, with whom it seems to have attained to a high degree of perfection. It is a curious fact that more pineapples are grown in the immediate vicinity of St. Petersburg than in all the other countries of Continental Europe. In the adjoining kingdoms of Poland and Prussia the peasantry have not much more taste for gardening than their less civilized neighbors. Cabbages and potatoes are almost the only vegetables which their little plots produce, but the case is different with the wealthier persons, who raise garden productions in great variety and abundance.

France, particularly in its northern provinces, and the neighborhood of the metropolis, is distinguished by the attention which is frequently paid to the neatness of the garden grounds and the success with which the art is cultivated. But above all the continental nations, the palm must undoubtedly be assigned to the Dutch and the inhabitants of the Netherlands. Throughout these countries gardening has been the common favorite of public and private men—a pleasure of the greatest, and a care of the lowest—and, indeed, an employment and a possession for which no man there is too high or too low.

The early intercourse of Spain with the New World created a taste on this continent for horticultural pursuits, and has been the means of diffusing over Europe many useful plants from Mexico, Chili, and Peru. In Mexico, the natives were remarkable for the ingenuity of their garden cultivation, and their chinampas, or floating gardens, must be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of art ever produced by a semi-barbarous people.

Nowhere, with the exception of

the Low Countries, is the art of horticulture carried on, among all ranks, with so much spirit and success as in Great Britain. The lowest peasant delights in the labors of his garden, and even the inhabitants of towns find enjoyment from the cultivation of a few yards of soil which their circumscribed boundaries have spared them. Alas! little is done in this way nowadays under the desolating rule of England, where a thieving aristocracy deprives the people of every enjoyment. Avarice and debauchery have converted the “merrie England” of Catholic times into a scene of abjection and destitution. So far from flowers being left to deck the poor man’s hut, the air and light of heaven are taken away in a great measure from the sons of toil. This is the more painful as we find that a taste for shrubs and flowers is universal, especially in the southern districts of England. “The laborious journeyman mechanic,” says Mr. Loudon, “whose residence in large cities is often in the air rather than on the earth, decorates his garret window with a garden of pots. The debtor, deprived of personal liberty, and the pauper in the workhouse, divested of all property in external things, and without any fixed object on which to place their affections, sometimes resort to this symbol of territorial appropriation and enjoyment; so natural it is for all to fancy they have an inherent right in the soil, and so necessary to happiness to exercise the affections by having some object on which to place them.”

It is interesting to remark, as a fact in perfect accordance with the ordinary operations of the all-wise, but mysterious, Governor, who “causes the wrath of man to praise him,” that the evils of war are generally mitigated, in the earlier stages of society, by the diffusion

of the arts of cultivation. Plutarch, noticing this in the case of Alexander the Great, says, that the communications which that conqueror opened up between distant nations, by his progress into India, had more benefited mankind than all the speculative philosophers of Greece. Another and a milder sway introduced new fruits and flowers into several countries; I mean that of the Church. The monks of Ireland, after the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, appear to have been the only gardeners; and in the agreeable relaxations of this profession, they took great delight, and imparted taste and skill to the hordes of students who crowded their schools from every part of Europe. While the rude nobles and chieftains, and their still ruder dependants, wasted each other by mutual depredations, the sacred ground of the Church was universally respected; and here the gentle arts of peace found shelter, and were successfully pursued. The venerable abbey is almost always found situated in some spot remarkable for its fertility, as well as for the beauty of the surrounding scenery, thanks to the taste and toil of the religious brethren. Even though it has been wholly wrecked by satanical "*reformers*," though its walls be in ruins, covered with ivy and wall-flower, and its area produce but the rankest weeds, there are still the remains of the aged fruit trees, the venerable pears, the delicate little apples, and the luscious black cherries. The chestnuts and walnuts may have yielded to the axe, but sometimes the mulberry is left, and the strawberry and raspberry struggle among the ruins. Much of this we admired, fifty years past, when in Tuscany we fondly noticed the tracks of the Irish religious who assisted their countrymen, St. Donatus, bishop of Fiesole, and St.

Fridian, bishop of Lucca. It was our happy lot to be aroused for matin prayer by the bell in the tower of St. Fridian's church, adjoining our cell, and to pluck a shamrock on the high steep hill of Brancoli (an Augustinian hermitage) from a garden plot, that tradition says was cultivated by the illustrious Irish bishop of Lucca.

The Crusades, by renewing a communication with the countries of the East, again assisted the diffusion of those vegetable treasures which had been neglected after the destruction of the Roman empire. The monastic gardens owed many of their choicest fruits to the care of those ecclesiastics who had accompanied the expeditions to the Holy Land. A similar taste for horticulture, which existed in European monasteries, accompanied the transplantation of those religious establishments to the New World. "In studying the history of the conquest," says Humboldt, "we admire the extraordinary rapidity with which the Spaniards of the sixteenth century spread the cultivation of European vegetables along the ridge of the Cordilleras, from one extremity of the continent to the other; this remarkable effect must be attributed principally to the industry and taste of the religious missionaries."

The recent transportation of fruits and flowers from one region to another has been employed by Hume to prove the comparatively late origin of the human race, and may certainly serve, though he meant it not, as a collateral argument in favor of the Mosaic history of our globe. "Lucullus was the first," he observes, "who brought cherry trees from Asia into Europe; though that tree thrives so well in many European climates, that it grows in the woods without any culture. Is it possible that throughout a whole eternity, no European had ever passed into Asia and

thought of transplanting so delicious a fruit into his own country? Or if the tree was once transplanted and propagated, how could it ever afterward perish?" Hume makes a similar remark as to the vines of France, and the corn and animals which have been transplanted within these three centuries to America; and then he adds, "All these seem convincing proofs of the youth, or rather infancy, of the world, as being founded on the operation of principles more constant and steady than those by which human society is governed and directed. Nothing less than a total convulsion of the elements will ever destroy all the European animals and vegetables which are now to be found in the western world."

This subject cannot be presented with the same precision as the geological inquiries of Cuvier; but, assuredly, the circumstances alluded to have a tendency to confirm his argument in favor of the fact, that the present surface of the earth is not of more ancient origin than the period assigned in the Sacred Scripture to the deluge; and thus, the vegetable and animal productions of our globe speak the same language as the soil on

which they grow, and raise their united voices to confute the skeptical arguments of the infidel.

The ancients ordained divine honors for the man who first used the plough, and in later times praise is given to him who will produce a blade of grass upon neglected soil. It is desirable that a large portion of our citizens should be compelled, by the original legislation of Eden, to honor themselves and assist their fellow-men by adopting the business of horticulture. It would be a real progress of civilization to send into gardens and fields the savage hordes of lawyers, physicians, preachers, politicians, newspapermen, penny-a-liners, and congressmen, who, in these times, cover society with a moral leprosy. If the persons who now crowd upon positions for which they have neither capacity nor vocation would cultivate the soil, instead of *modern thought*, we would have a fair supply of fruits and flowers instead of the thorns and thistles which now fill every highway of life. We respectfully recommend the matter to the attention of the gentlemen who are so thoughtful and eloquent about the good of the people.

If admiration is a source of joy,
 What transport hence! yet this the least in heaven,
 What this to that illustrious robe He wears,
 Who toss'd this mass of wonders from His hand,
 A specimen, an earnest of His power?
 'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,
 As the mead's meanest floweret to the sun
 Which gave it birth. But what this Sun of heaven?
 This bliss supreme of the supremely bless'd?
 Death, only Death, the question can resolve
 By Death, cheap-bought, the ideas of our joy;
 The bare ideas! Solid happiness
 So distant from its shadow chased below.

MR. SPECKLES ON HIMSELF.

HEREAFTER, men will tell each other of three poets in a single nation—Shakspeare, Milton, and Speckles: to make the third of whom nature had joined the other two. This is a junction in the line of poetry not recognized at present. That which is Not-I does not understand me, but I understand myself. It may be said, too, that—while four of my six epics are still in manuscript, while two hundred of my tragedies are not only unacted, but also unpublished, and I have issued not more than thirty volumes of my lyric verse—the materials for an estimate of my poetical genius are not yet fully laid before the country. Posterity will, I am convinced, do me justice. Speckles, whose daily diet is humble pie, has had more than a flask of water from the springs of Helicon. It saturates his soul.

It is not only in metaphysics and in poetry that I have proved my strength. I have made in vain some of the greatest mechanical discoveries of the present age. I have planned how to send huge steamers across the Atlantic, sped by a motive power of the simplest kind—a single hen. Instead of the thirty, fifty, or a hundred horses, whose power is commonly applied to engines, and the mules used by some spinners, I am able to show how wheels may be adjusted capable of being set into motion by a hen of ordinary strength. As hens who are tough of muscle would be preferred for this service, there would be none left but tender chickens for the dinner-table; and, on this fact I shall rely, whenever I bring out my plan, for a great deal of popular support. A hen-coop and a bushel of corn will box and feed my engine power. In me, gentlemen, you recover a Watt, a

Milton, and a Bacon; but unluckily, the Watt, Milton, and Bacon, of the twentieth century. By a mistake I have appeared in the nineteenth, and it is only for that reason that I am not fully appreciated.

There are people who say they wish me well; but who say also, that it would be absurd to expect from me a connected narrative, for that I should exalt and bepraise myself till doomsday if I were not stopped. But I appeal to an enlightened public. How can I tell you anything if I know nothing, and how can I know anything if I am blind to my own character. Do you know what the absolute in cognition is? “Object plus subject is the absolute in cognition; matter *mecum* is the absolute in cognition; thoughts or mental states, together with the self or subject, are the absolute in cognition.” I do not say this of myself, but have it from a distinguished professor.

How, then, do I know that there ever was such a man as my uncle Badham, the chemist? He may have existed only in my mind as the idea of a rich uncle who was more desperately offended than anybody, at my having been born a boy; but who nevertheless stood my godfather and my friend. After him I was christened Badham Speckles, and to him, at the age of fourteen, I was apprenticed. I was more certain of the existence of six tragedies and a farce which I had written at that time, than of the existence of my uncle, at whose table I sat, and in whose bed I slept, and at whose counter I served. The tragedies I had created. They were substantive portions of myself; may have been a phantom—an idea of mine. His beef and potatoes were also ideas,

good ideas; his rhubarb and bitter aloes, his pestle and mortar, scammony and Castile soap were bad ideas. Rochester—where we seemed to live—was built out of my own ideas, and peopled by creatures of my own. Hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, feeling, as everybody knows, is quite inadequate to prove the existence of anything or anybody, except only oneself.

Yet the phantoms moving in that dream-figure, the world, complained of me sometimes, for being dreamy. I, a Speckles, a direct descendant, as the slight corruption of the family name proves, from the great Sophocles—myself the then author of six tragedies—was contemned even by the nursemaids of Rochester, who came to me for dill-water and castor-oil. I had a little printing-press, which I kept under my bed; and, by the help of which, I printed many of my own fugitive pieces upon fragments of shop-paper. Many a mixture did I send out folded in immortal verse. My uncle's customers found stanzas in powder-papers, mottoes in bottle caps, poetry even in blisters, genius in everything. They laughed in their phantom way; my uncle groaned, and shook his finger at me, like a warning ghost. On one occasion he caused to sweep upon me the figure of a hairdresser, who forced me into a chair, and cut away the rich, clustering hair that hung over my shoulders. At the same time he declared that he would turn me out of doors if ever I wrote another line of verse. He was in wrath because, having by mischance forgotten to make up a prescription, I had sent to a wealthy customer, a bottle of air corked and capped,—which, by an odd accident, was folded in a favorite poem of mine, on "The Emptiness of Things." My inadvertence gave offence. I wrote privately to the offended customer, a note of apology, of which I can

almost remember the words, explaining what was the fact;—that, by one of those happy concatenations of thought that now and then occur, the mention of cream of tartar in the prescription had suggested to me a poem illustrative of the pastoral condition of life among the Crim Tartars, and while I was preparing my idea, I had forgotten that I was not also preparing the prescription. The customer in question, Mr. Milcan, a pursy man and a cowkeeper, was very unforgiving, and we lost him altogether.

I had an affection for my uncle Badham, and a desire for his goodwill, partly founded on the fact that he entertained thoughts of leaving me the main bulk of his property, together with his shop. I promised faithfully that I would no longer look upon his customers as my public; that I would issue no more verse; and, upon that condition, I obtained leave to write it. My uncle, indeed, took my poetry at that time to be a ferment in young blood, a state of intellectual measles, and thought it advisable that the eruption should not be suppressed.

For a time, however, I wrote no more poetry. My hair had been cut down to mere stubble, and the sudden change made me so cool in the head, that my inventive genius took more practical directions. Many things had for some time been awaiting investigation. I had observed that in every boiled potato placed upon my uncle's table, there were invariably to be seen three small holes in a right line with one another. The same observation I had made in other places, and a question had thus come to assume great prominence in my mind—Why are there always three holes in a boiled potato? I had even so early designed my anthropological treatise (written in later years), on the Material of

Trades, wherein I show why tradesmen absorb and become absorbed in the material by which they live. The butcher, as we all see, becomes fleshy, and consists of prime joints; the baker becomes white and doughy; the shoemaker brown and leathery; the lawyer's skin becomes converted into parchment; usurers turn yellow. The baker's blood, on the other hand, is, in some measure, yielded to his rolls; the lawyer writes on skin that represents a part of his own substance; the gall of the usurer goes with his gold. You will find the essay most important. Hereafter the fact that I wrote it will have its interest for my biographers.

I was at work upon this very subject, setting down thoughts as they occurred to me on one of the last leaves of my uncle's ledger, when one day soon after my hair had been cut, a lovely girl came into the shop. I knew her, of course; for she was no less distinguished a person than Miss Maria Milcan, second daughter of the cowkeeper. She was admired in all the country round about us as the belle of Rochester. She was considered to be a girl of great vivacity and spirit; but I paid little attention to the fair sex, and I knew no more of her than I know of her features and the sound of her voice. Considering how recently I had provoked her father, I feared lest Maria Milcan might not be the bearer to my uncle of some hostile message, which I accordingly made haste to intercept. Maria cast down her eyes when I appeared, and timidly held out to me the wrapper from her father's bottle.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said; "but I thought this poem was too valuable to be destroyed. You might desire its return."

"It is of no importance, miss," I answered; "I have other copies, and if not, so mere a trifle—"

"O Mr. Speckles!" she said;

"sir, may I then keep it? You cannot tell what consolation it has brought me,—how much I do feel the emptiness of things." She folded up the paper carefully, and put it in her bosom. "Indeed, sir," she went on to say, "I wished to consult you as a professional man." She fluttered like a moth in a pill-box, looked full at a red bottle in the window, through which the light streamed in a great flush over her face, and said, "I have felt for some months a strange sense of emptiness in the heart. Could you do anything for me?"

"My uncle, miss—"

"But I think *you* will be more likely to understand my case."

I thought a bit, and remembered that so far as I knew of the ailments of ladies, they occur only in the head, nerves, heart, and chest. The stomach is, out of delicacy, called the heart. I thought that I understood Miss Maria's case, and asked about her appetite. She sighed, and said that it was bad. I at once recommended tripe. That is a digestible kind of food, which is, moreover, calculated to excite a failing appetite. The sense of emptiness could be removed, no doubt, with tripe. She shook her head, and said she wished me to prescribe. If I did not mind, she would call again in a day or two, and tell me how she was. I therefore understood to fill up the void in her heart with medicine; and began with the remedies that seemed most cognate to her case—pectoral lozenges and stomachic pills. She paid me on the spot, and came again after two days; and, in fact, every two days, always complaining of the emptiness at her heart, which I strove always vainly to fill up with lozenges and pills. These were all regularly paid for by Miss Maria, and not entered on our books. She never asked for trust.

This kind of intercourse had gone

on between us for about a month, when one morning Miss Maria seemed unusually thoughtful. The void in her heart ached, she said, more than ever. "And, Mr. Speckles, I don't think you understand my case." She gave me a look straight into my eyes that puzzled me.

"Pardon me, Miss Maria, I will change your lozenges." I looked confused.

She said, "Speak out, if you have anything upon your mind."

"I have, indeed, a serious question, that has long agitated me to the depths of my soul, and I think it is near solution."

"Ask it of me," she said.

"I am afraid," I stammered. "To do so would be impertinent."

"I promise," she replied, "to take it in good part, whatever it may be. Ask me your question."

"Well," I said, "it is this. Why are there always three holes in a boiled potato?"

She bit her lip, and replied, quietly: "Because the cook progs them in the saucepan with a three-pronged fork. What else have you to ask?"

For the first time in my life I looked at her with admiration. The happiness of the suggestion pleased me. It was indeed far-fetched and improbable. Forks have no place in Epistemology, or the Theory of Knowing. Object plus subject, or matter *mecum*, is the substantial in cognition. The cook knows by matter *mecum* when she has boiled her potato; not by help of a three-pronged fork. Nevertheless, I was much struck by the elaborate ingenuity of Miss Maria's reply; and, for the first time, my eye dwelt upon her with admiration.

"O Mr. Speckles!" she said again, looking straight at the red bottle, "how often I think of those beautiful lines in the poem which you generously suffered me to keep:

"To be is not to be. What is to have
But not to have? A hollow mockery
Is man's best prize. O void,
That never will be filled, O vacancy,
Come let me marry thee, since so must be,
And must be must."

But let me be silent. Mr. Speckles, do you understand my case?"

She gave me another of those looks, and the truth flashed upon me. Void—marry: if she had proposed for me in form I could not have understood her better.

From that hour we got on rapidly. I made love as I could, and my suit prospered. Miss Maria made no effort to conceal her visits from my uncle. Uncle Badham smiled upon her when they met; but it was certain that her father would not smile on me. It was, for that reason, agreed upon between us that we should elope. I was to hire a carriage to carry us to D—. On a certain day, when her father, she said, would be out, the milkmaids and cowkeepers all being in her confidence, the carriage might call boldly at her house to take her up, and then drive on. At the foot of Rochester Bridge I was to be in waiting, and there to mount the box, it being further understood that I was to respect her feelings before our marriage by riding outside during all coach journeys.

On the appointed day, at the appointed place and time, I was in waiting; a carriage approached the bridge. It was ours. It stopped. I only glanced in at the window to where Maria sat, in the same leg-horn bonnet and stiff gown of brocaded silk that I had so often seen her wear. I murmured "Bless you!" and leaped upon the box seat; the postboys gave me a good-humored grin of recognition, and drove on. Before we had gone far, a heavy rain set in; but, as I had promised faithfully to ride outside, I kept my seat. In good time, for we drove at a tremendous pace, we arrived at the hotel where we were to dine. Our smoking horses were

at rest; waiters ran in and out; and, as the rain still fell in torrents, I shouted lustily for an umbrella as I leaped down, to hand my lovely prize into the parlor. Landlord and waiters stood in file to receive her; but she seemed to be asleep. I touched her to awaken her. Horrible to relate, she collapsed. Nothing was there but her empty gown of that abominable silk, stiff as a board, that has now happily gone out of fashion. The gown had been seated in the coach, and Maria's bonnet had been pinned to the coach-lining without any head in it at all.

I was befooled, deluded, made the victim of a hollow treachery. The boys knew it—landlord and waiters knew it. Little boys were collecting. I dashed through them, leaving the whole nightmare behind me. In ten minutes I had reached the fields outside the town. I began to think. At Rochester there was my uncle, party to the plot against me—of that I felt sure: kindly, no doubt; but could I face him? Could I face the boys of Rochester, after eloping with Maria Milcan's green brocaded gown?

For some days I wandered restlessly among small towns and villages, uncertain whether to return to Rochester or to go abroad. The next number of the *Kentish Tallyho* decided me. Therein was contained a heartless paragraph to this effect: "Elopement Extraordinary. We understand that a romantic townsman, Mr. Bad—m Spec—s, who made, we think, an exceedingly bad spec on the occasion, eloped on Thursday last with a green silk brocaded gown and leghorn bonnet, lately in the service of our lovely and fascinating townswoman, Miss M—a M—n. The dashing lover sat, we believe, on the box, where the flame of his affection, though unprotected by a great-coat, was not extinguished by a heavy storm of rain. Arrived at his destination

he was about to hand the object of his choice into the Corcoran's Arms, when it suddenly collapsed." (Did the fool mean that the hotel collapsed?) "The disappointed gentleman was heard to recite to the gown these lines, which, we believe, form part of a poem composed by himself:

"To be is not to be. What is to have
But not to have? A hollow mockery
Is man's best prize. O void,
That never will be filled, O vacancy,
Come let me marry thee."

There was more; but I read no more. After all, it was only then that I at last understood completely Maria Milcan's case. Her father was in the secret. The whole town was in the secret. I and my philosophy were mocked. My very name had, for the first time suffered that malicious abbreviation of which I have since heard so much. The boys would be crying at my heels, "Bad Spec." I determined to quit Rochester.

It was in this way that I first became a traveller, and I have been upon my travels ever since. They have not enriched me. My uncle Badham omitted my name from his will. My father died, having forgotten me; and my mother afterwards died blessing me, while I was still abroad. My brothers behaved to me according to my circumstances. Sometimes a speculation made me rich. Then I had letters from them signed Affectionately Mine. Soon afterwards perhaps I was a beggar, and affectionately theirs to no good purpose. In Germany I thrived for a short time by publishing a perfectly new system of metaphysics, which I caused to be translated from my manuscript by a gentleman who, as I found afterwards, had an exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the English language. The book was, on that account, made perhaps more incomprehensible than I should have desired; but it

achieved a vast success, and was translated into English. By this means I discovered how extremely ill my German friend had done his work; because my book, when translated into English, was a continuous boggle and confusion of my meaning. I never put my own name to it, and I never will; although it is, to this day, a textbook among many students of metaphysics, both in Germany and in England.

As a speculator, I have made some good hits in America; though I have met with too many disasters. I did mean to mention some of the catastrophes I have survived; but I will content myself with naming one idea, that was designed to bring about a terrible catastrophe elsewhere. Grievously insulted by Miss Milcan and her father, I long brooded on a terrible revenge. At last, the method of it dawned upon me. If I could supersede the necessity of cow-keeping—crush Milcan with the milk trade of the country! What was more easy? The idea was suggested to me by a trifling circumstance. A trifling circumstance it generally is by which great thoughts are suggested. I was English teacher at a school in Germany, and had been explaining something to an English boy, who, when I had done, said impudently, “That accounts for the milk in cocoanuts.”

Millions of cocoanut trees in all parts of the globe are yielding seas of milk, and no account has yet been rendered of the precious offering. At once I planned a Cocoa-nut Milk Churning Company. Although it is now too late to ruin Milcan, it is not too late for somebody else to make his fortune. Let him take good offices in the city, raise in shares a capital of two millions sterling; with which send out churns and cocoanut-crackers to the chief cocoanut districts, Labrador, Vancouver’s Island, or wherever they may be. Let nuts be obtained by the usual method—throwing stones at monkeys; if necessary, it would be easy to send out pebbles. You see the rest at once. Crack nuts, and pour milk into shallow pans. In due time, skim; churn some of the cream, of which make cheeses, clotting the rest according to the well-known Devonshire process. Bring home the results in tins, with a sufficient quantity of pure milk in unbroken shells, to be supplied every morning fresh from the nut to the entire population. In support of my scheme, I have collected many facts upon the state of the milk now supplied to the metropolis, much of which comes from consumptive cows. Now has ever anybody heard of a consumptive cocoanut?

QUEEN lilies! and ye painted populace
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
 In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
 And outblush (mine excepted) every fair!
 You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
 Which often cropped your odors, incense meet
 To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
 Coeval race with man! For man you smile;
 Why not smile *at* him, too? You share, indeed,
 His sudden pass, but not his sudden pain.

ALICE DORMER'S SACRIFICE.

ALICE DORMER stood by the window thinking. She had gazed into the busy street until her eyes ached and her head throbbed. But now it was growing dusk; the lamps were being lighted, and figures seemed very indistinct as they passed by.

She had ceased to notice them, and yet she stood there as she had stood for two weary hours, her mind burdened with one serious thought—"Where was Charlie?"

A year before Alice would not have watched and waited alone—her mother would have been by her side to cheer and comfort her.

But she was dead now, and her last words were always ringing in Alice's ear by day, and haunting her in her dreams by night—"Take care of Charlie."

And she had set herself to that one special work—to be cheerful for his sake, to hide her own loneliness and sorrow, so that it might cast no shadow on his life; but it seemed as if all her efforts were in vain, for her brother was growing estranged from her; and as she stood waiting and thinking at the window of their one small parlor, she was trying to remember how it had first come about.

The Dormers' history was a sad one—the old, old story of changed fortunes, of a comfortable home lost, and a new existence begun, with little money and few friends; then of the greater trouble in their mother's death, and thus Alice Dormer and her brother were left alone with none to help, and scarce any to care what befell them.

They were settled in a suburb, where there were small bits of garden in which flowers tried to grow, and dusty-leaved trees, which gave some little shade in summer. But the constant lumbering of om-

nibusses passing the door, and the street cries, forever echoing, were very wearisome after a life in the country, where the only sounds to break the stillness had been the birds' voices, or the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the cows.

But this was their second summer in No. 9 Mayfield Terrace, and Alice Dormer was getting more used to the noise, and dust, and heat, and even felt that she could have been very happy there had her mother lived, and if her heart had been free from this one great pressing fear that something was wrong with Charlie.

At the time of Mr. Dormer's death, Charlie was just sixteen years old; his schooldays were drawing to a close; and, as he had shown no particular taste for any profession, his father and mother were thinking a great deal about his future.

Then came the sudden change of fortune; and when a gentleman who had known Mrs. Dormer well for many years offered to take her son into his counting-house as junior clerk, she was forced to accept the opportunity of settling him in some occupation, although it did not quite come up to what she had wished for and dreamed of for Charlie.

There was a prospect before him of rising step by step into a higher position if he tried to please Mr. Vale; but, however bright the future might be, the actual present was commonplace enough, when the lad found himself perched on a high stool in a very dingy office, looking out through dirty windows on to brick walls and chimney-pots, and leads of houses, with a long invoice before him to copy, varied by occasional runs to the post-office, and visits to the bankers to cash

checks or pay in money, and at times going down to the docks with an older clerk to learn how to see after the consignment of goods, and become initiated in the different mysteries of commerce.

It was strangely wearisome after the ball matches and other school sports, which had been Charlie's great delight in college days, but after a few months he found that as knowledge came of what was going on around him, some interest came too, and he grew more satisfied and cheerful, so that Mr. Vale himself called on his mother to tell her he considered Charlie a "very promising young fellow, who would rise to a good position in the world if he was but steady and persevering."

The one bright time in Mrs. Dormer's day was when her boy came home at night, giving her and Alice wonderful, and greatly exaggerated, accounts of his doings during the day—from his journey on the omnibus roof to the sights and sounds of the docks, in which he endeavored to show them all his recently acquired knowledge of business matters. Besides this, there was a great deal to tell of the other clerks in Mr. Vale's office, one of whom, who was not much older, seemed to have become Charlie's fast friend, and "Deane and I" figured in most of the evening stories.

During those few months all seemed going smoothly, although their life was changed. Mrs. Dormer had a small income settled upon her which was sufficient for them to live on in the quiet rooms they had chosen, and even if she often thought longingly of Ashfield and their lost home, she could not be unhappy while her children were spared to her.

But another cloud was gathering over the little family; the slight cough and pale thin face, which did not trouble Alice and Charlie very

much when they looked at their mother, were doing a secret, rapid work, and all suddenly, as it seemed, she was dying, and the knowledge had come to them only at the last.

"You'll watch over Charlie, Alice," Mrs. Dormer would say, many of those sorrowful evenings, when her daughter was forced to believe in their coming separation, when they tried to talk together of the sorrowful future.

"You will be able to stay here just the same, and if Charlie goes on well, I hope in a few years he will get a little home for you. But, oh, Alice! he is young and light-hearted, and I am anxious about him. You'll bear with him, and be cheerful for his sake, won't you, dear? And keep him to his faith, and then all will be well."

All this Alice had promised to do as far as was possible. It seemed a fearful responsibility, though, and far into the night she would lie thinking of what was before them, and of the sad years which seemed to stretch far and far into her future life.

One secret hope, a hope all the sweeter because it was so secret, died in her heart. Her mother little guessed at it, little guessed at the weight of grief and disappointment which burdened Alice's heart in addition to the pain of the inevitable parting.

None but God knew the struggling of soul which passed in that little room at night during her mother's intervals of rest. God, and him who was her only human help in that sad time of her life, who had known of her heart's strong desire, and pitied and prayed for her now that she was called to lay it down.

Alice could scarcely have said how it was, or when first it was that a little trembling mist had fluttered through her heart to be all for God, to know no love but

his, to give herself and all that she could be and do for his service; and it had grown and strengthened until it seemed to grow part of her very life, and she was cherishing it safely and sacredly as something she could not trust to any but God and her confessor, until the time came when he should bid her speak.

Now, it needed all Alice's love and faith to help her to bow to the will of God, and accept the lower path he put before her, but the struggle was paling her cheek, and taking the lightness from her step, even more than the attendance on her dying mother and the distress of the last farewell when it came.

All this had happened nearly a year before the night we see Alice Dormer watching for Charlie's return. The sharpness of her sorrow was softened, and she thought of her thwarted hope more peacefully, but still she did think of it, and now the anxiety had come about Charlie. It caused her many a thrill of pain to feel that she had given up so much for him, and after all it might be in vain.

But that thought was banished; her sacrifices had been for him indeed, but yet more for God, and she knew that nothing done for him, no cross accepted and carried for his sake can ever be in vain. Alice scarcely knew when Charlie began to care a little less for her company in the evenings, to yawn and complain it was "precious slow," and then get a little later in his return home once or twice in the week, or accompany his friend Deane to some place of amusement, until now he nearly always was out, and was not so ready to tell Alice where he had been and what he had done, as once he was.

Then came another change; Charlie did not seem to have so much of his old life and spirit, and he grew silent and reserved, as Alice had never seen him, and she noticed he was thin and pale, and

she sometimes feared that his walks to and fro to the city, and his many errands, were too much for him.

But worse than this, Charlie was growing careless in the practice of his religion. He had gradually dropped his former habit of regularly approaching the Sacraments, always seeking some excuse for waiting until a more convenient time; but now it seemed a hard matter to get him even to mass on Sunday morning, and he would refuse to rise until it was so late that he could only just hurry into church in time, and not unfrequently missed doing so altogether.

Father Kelly was not unaware of all this; he knew all Alice's secret anxieties, and shared in her fear for Charlie, but the lad was beginning to shun even him, to avoid meeting him, and be reserved and almost sullen if they did happen to do so, and all the priest's old influence over him seemed at an end.

Deane's laughter and Deane's sneers had injured Charlie Dormer's faith, and there were times when he shrank from the name of Catholic, and half disowned it lest it should draw upon him the contempt and ridicule of the set of companions he had fallen in with.

On this especial night, when his sister was watching for him in the summer twilight, Charlie was very depressed. Besides the one heavy load always on his mind, he was thinking with unusually softened feelings of his mother, wishing he could undo the past year, and go back to what he had been when she died and left him. And then he recalled her last words, her last beseeching look, which seemed to beg him to remember what her prayers and desires were for him. He remembered, too, how he had promised her to be kind to Alice, a good brother, faithful in his duty to God.

No need to examine how he had

kept those promises—all broken, every one. He knew of the many, many days of anxiety and nights of loneliness Alice had endured through his fault; he knew what no one else did; how he had deceived Mr. Vale, and how discovery sooner or later was inevitable, and then he felt that the root of all his sin and misery was in his forgetfulness of God, because he had neglected the help his holy religion offered him, and, thinking he could stand alone, had fallen away from God and goodness.

It was long since Charlie Dormer had known happiness; his conscience was not dead yet, still, his usual mood was of sullen, dreary despair of ever retrieving the past.

But on this night for the first time there came a great longing to be rid of his wretched load, a wish that he could unburden his mind to one faithful friend, and ease it of its wretchedness. And then he thought he would see Father Kelly, that he would tell out all his fault, and all his danger, and lay down the sin at the foot of the cross of Jesus, and rise once more to begin a better future.

But his resolution failed him; he thought of the difficulty, the humiliation, the pain of getting back into the right path, and Charlie's old habit of procrastination came in to deaden the suggestions of his good anger, and once more he decided he could not do it then—he would, yes, he really would some other time.

However, for once he refused to spend the rest of the evening with Deane, and went home to his sister, looking so ill and wretched that she was quite alarmed about it.

"Charlie, I am certain that you are ill," she said, as she handed him his cup of tea; "you are so pale and thin, so changed from your old merry self, that it makes me quite unhappy."

"I wish you wouldn't bother a fellow, Alice," responded the lad crossly. "I hate people to be noticing how I look, and prating and preaching about it. It's hot weather, and I'm tired, that's all; so you'd best leave me alone."

A look of pain passed across Alice's face, but her voice was unchanged as she said, "I'm sorry I bothered you, Charlie; you must forgive me, dear. Only I can't help feeling anxious, for you are all I have left now our mother is gone."

The words were not much, but something in the tone and in the look of her eyes chimed in with his softened feelings, and brought back the memory of the mother who had loved him so dearly, that all his self-command gave way, and leaning his head down upon his hands he almost groaned as he answered, "For God's sake, Alice, don't. Don't speak to me of my mother, unless you would drive me to despair."

All Alice's fear of offending him was gone then; something seemed to show her that the time had come when she must speak out for the love of God and her brother's soul; she rose up, and passing round to where he sat, knelt down by his side, and would have put her arm round him only he pushed her from him. "Charlie," she began in very low, trembling tones, "listen to me now, if you never do again. Something is wrong with you, something burdens your conscience. It is not without cause that you have been forgetting God, forgetting your mother, shunning Father Kelly, who would help you, and me, your sister, who loves you so. You can hide it from me, but God knows, God sees, and I am sure He is bidding you now return to him. Oh, Charlie, if nothing else move you, think of our mother, how her last prayer for you was that you might be true to your faith. Surely

if anything troubles you you can tell it to me? You used to have no secrets from me, Charlie, and now—now—” and Alice began to falter, “you close your heart to me and I am all alone,” and then she put her head down on his shoulder and—no longer repulsed—sobbed as if her heart would break with grief.

It seemed to Charlie as if no words would come—he was going through a terrible struggle; pride, fear, every unholy feeling against his sense of right, his longing for peace, the striving of the Holy Spirit; but the good triumphed, and hiding his face in his hands, he murmured:

“Oh, Alice, I am very, very miserable. Don’t ask me to tell you what I have done, it would do no good, you could not help me. Nothing is any use.”

But Alice prayed in her secret heart to Jesus and Mary, she begged that dear Mother of Mercy to help her, and to help her brother, and then, after using all her power to induce him to unburden his mind, she got out the tale of wrongdoing which oppressed him so heavily.

Like all falling away from an honest, straightforward path, the history was not long, although the details of how Charlie had got entangled in deceit took some time in telling. He had had money intrusted to him by Mr. Vale, and in course of his pleasure-seeking with his friend Deane, he had been led to use part of this for his own purposes. Again he had done it by his companion’s persuasion, and the sum had mounted up, and he could not restore it, but lived day by day in the dread of shame and disgrace, and the loss of employment, when he was found out.

As Charlie in broken accents told his sister what he had done, she crouched down on the floor in silence by his side, too grieved for

any words to say—perhaps the thought uppermost in her mind was of what her mother would have felt could she have known that her bright, merry boy, whom she had watched over so carefully, and trained so earnestly for good, could fall like this.

Poor Charlie!—his wretchedness she could see, and imagine by her own, but what could she do to help him? That he would never commit such a sin again she felt sure by his present distress and pain, but she was wholly at a loss to think how he could be helped out of his difficulty. Their little income was barely enough for their support, and Charlie’s theft amounted to more than fifty dollars—a sum which she knew she could not save for a long, long time, and meanwhile he was exposed to the risk of discovery any day.

It seemed that the money had been given to Charlie by Mr. Vale to pay several little accounts, many weeks back, that he had made excuses, which were readily accepted, as he was well known; but that before long the bills would be sent in again, and every morning he dreaded a summons to Mr. Vale’s counting-house to be called to explain their non-payment.

The little clock on the mantel-shelf struck many times before the brother and sister separated for the night, but when they did so Alice had extracted a positive promise from Charlie to go to their priest the next morning, and tell him all his misery, resolving to act entirely as he should advise, and to seek first of all God’s pardon for all his wandering from the right way.

It had been no easy task for Alice; at first Charlie had declared it to be “impossible,” he could not and would not humble himself so much. But patiently and gently his sister reasoned with him—she spoke to him of his mother, and

brought back memories which softened his aching heart. She reminded him of the time when, as a child, he had been taken by that dear dead mother, to receive for the first time the Sacrament of grace and forgiveness. She pictured to him the day when he made his First Communion—what a festival it had been in their old happy home, and then when Charlie's eyes ran over with tears, and the return of the innocence and joy he had lost, she spoke to him of his Saviour. She told him how in all his sin, and all his unfaithfulness, Jesus had watched over him with tenderness and compassion, loving him still; longing for his return, waiting for him to come and cast his load of sin at his dear, pierced feet; waiting to wash him from his stains in that precious Blood which could free him from all, however dark, however terrible. Alice was all unconscious of her own earnestness; she only knew that it was a turning-point in Charlie's life, and when she ceased, and drew near enough to hear his whispered promise, she knew that, by God's help, her brother would be saved.

Poor Charlie! When the next night came and he left his office and again made an excuse for avoiding Deane, he felt as if he could not accomplish his purpose, could not go straight to Father Kelly as he had said he would. And yet Alice had assured him there was no other way to rid himself of his wretched secret: and it had grown so intolerable. Sometimes Charlie felt as if he would rather have it all come out than go on from day to day and week to week in this suspense and fear; well, then, he would go, at any rate he would keep his word and seek the priest; perhaps he would be out and then—well, then Alice could not say it was his fault, and it would give him a little longer respite.

That was the frame which Charlie Dormer's thoughts took on his homeward way; it never seemed so short a walk before, and when he reached the priest's house he paced up and down for several minutes before he had courage to ring the bell, and then it was done with the fervent hope that his call might be in vain.

But it was not to be so; Father Kelly was in, and disengaged, so glad to see Charlie, so kind and fatherly in his look and manner, that somehow the poor boy's fears lessened, and he slipped into the old tone of confidence and love almost unconsciously, and so by degrees told out all there was to tell, and even in the telling relief seemed to come.

It was late when he went home to Alice, but she knew at a glance that all was well, that her prayers which she had been offering so earnestly that evening were heard, and that Charlie was her own once more, no longer estranged from her by the consciousness of sin.

There was no easy task before him though. Father Kelly could only say that the one safe course to follow was to acquaint Mr. Vale with his dishonesty and ask him to give time for it to be made right.

"Ah, Alice, I've promised I'd do it, but I can't think how I shall get on," said Charlie. "You see my salary's so small that it will take me more than three months to pay it off. Not that I think Mr. Vale will mind so much about the money—it's the dishonesty he'll care for, as I've heard him say, over and over again, he wouldn't employ any one he could not trust."

"I suppose Deane could not help you," said Alice. "He knows what you have done, and surely as he partly caused it, and as he is your friend, he might do something."

Charlie shook his head.

"He isn't so much my friend

now. I can't cut him, for he's said he'd let it all out if I didn't mind; but I've had enough of him. Oh, if I could only get out of all this bother, I think it would cure me forever in getting thick with fellows like him! You don't know what a set they are, Alice, and how they laughed at me and tempted me to do wrong."

But Alice was so full of one thought which had sprang up in her mind that for once she hardly listened to what her brother said.

"I've got a plan in my head, Charlie," she exclaimed, "I can't tell you now, but I'll tell you tomorrow, I hope; and so we must both trust God to take care of us and bring all this misery right."

And in spite of Charlie's entreaties she would say no more, but bade him good night so cheerfully that he would almost have thought her unfeeling had he not proved so lately her great sympathy and love.

All next day Charlie pondered over his sister's words. Well, whatever plan it was, he did not see how it could help him! He knew she could not give him the money to pay back there and then, and that was all which could save him from the dreadful disclosure to Mr. Vale. But when he went home he saw by her bright face that she was hopeful and glad, and he sat down to tea full of curiosity to know what she had to tell.

But his curiosity grew to unbounded surprise, when Alice counted out fifty dollars on the table before him, laughing gleefully as she had not laughed for many a long day, and shaking her head mischievously as she refused to tell him anything until the twilight came, and they had one of the old loving talks which had grown so rare of late. And then Charlie heard what his sister's love had done.

Hearing of a lady who needed a

governess daily for her three little girls, Alice had sought the situation and gained it. And then she went on to say that she had summoned up all her courage to tell the lady that she wanted to teach because she needed money so badly to avoid a great trouble, and then tremblingly asked whether it would be possible for her to receive any payment in advance.

It was a bold request, and the lady had smiled at it and the ignorance of the customs of the world it betrayed, but Alice did not know this, or know how her own sweet, sad face and earnest eyes pleaded for her, so that she was not so much surprised as she should have been when Mrs. Hudson asked her what sum she wanted, and let her have it immediately.

And then Alice had run to Father Kelly to tell him her news, "And he scolded me a little, Charlie, because I had not gone to him first, and told him what I meant to do; however, he says it was a very good thought, and that I may feel glad I met with a lady who would do me such a great kindness."

Charlie never felt before such a thrill of shame and regret for his forgetfulness and coldness to Alice as then, when he saw her all flushed and happy with the thought of working for him, to save him from fear and disgrace.

For some minutes no words came, and then those that he faltered out were neither refined nor eloquent: "Alice, you're a brick, and I'm ever-so-much obliged to you, you'll see I'll make up for it by and by;" but they were all she wanted, and the look of love and trust in his eyes were more to her than the finest speech would have been.

"There's one thing, dear," she said, after they talked awhile, "Father Kelly says that you must tell Mr. Vale all about it, and give him back the money; it's the only

way you can make up for the past, and besides, unless you do so, you will always be in the power of this Deane, who knows your secret."

Charlie winced at that; there had been one little selfish thought mixed up with his gratitude to Alice, and that was satisfaction that he could go and pay the accounts without his employer getting to know about the affair at all; he was some time before he could recognize the necessity of disclosing his secret; however, he tried to be brave, and to believe Alice's assurance that God would bring all things right if he only trusted him.

It was terrible work to go into that little inner counting-house and ask to speak to Mr. Vale, and then choke and stammer to find that the words were not forthcoming; but Charlie had to go through it and bear the anger and reproaches which he deserved so justly. But when Mr. Vale declared he should dismiss him, that he was unfit to be trusted again, Charlie grew desperate and pleaded so earnestly for another trial for his sister's sake—his sister who was beginning that very day to work for him—that his employer pitied him and at last not only forgave him but promised to keep the matter secret, provided there was no repetition of any similar offence.

"And I shall watch you, sir, you may be certain, so take care of yourself, and if you listen to my advice I would say be very kind to your sister, for she's too good for you," and then Charlie was sent out of the counting-house feeling more humbled and ashamed than ever he had done in his life before.

But God loved him then in his humiliation, better than in all his days of careless happiness, and the fall and its consequent suffering and shame did a work in Charlie Dormer's character which nothing else would have accomplished.

Often enough he thought of Mr. Vale's opinion that Alice was "too good for him." He thought of it at night when he saw her return pale and weary from her teaching, but always cheerful and bright to welcome him; he thought of it in the morning when they parted, he to his business, she to the fatiguing walk along the dusty streets to begin her task—and this was his doing, the consequence of his weakness, his self-indulgence. So three months dragged on—Alice Dormer had just completed the term of teaching for which she was already paid—that was a weight off her mind.

She need not now continue her work, for their small income prevented it being actually necessary, but her little pupils had grown to love her so much that Mrs. Hudson would not let her go, but begged of her to try it for at least another quarter. So Alice went on for three more weeks of work, then she began to flag, and to grow faint and weary when night came, and to go to bed wondering what ailed her, whether she was growing fanciful or whether she was going indeed to be ill. And then one morning, in spite of all her determination, she could not rise, but tossed about feverishly, wishing—ah! how vainly—that her mother was there to speak to her in her gentle voice, and lay her hand upon her burning head; but before night that longing and all others were gone, and Alice was unconscious of everything and every one round her, talking at intervals of her childish days, and then lying half asleep to start up to utter some frightened explanation about "Charlie" and the money and Mr. Vale.

All the anxiety and dread she had gone through had overwrought her mind, and then the daily exertions of teaching which followed proved more than her strength could bear, and this was the result.

The doctor pronounced it nervous fever which would cause a lingering illness, and it was indeed a weary time before poor Alice was herself again, but at last she began to recover and slowly regained her health and strength.

The person in whose house they lived nursed her as tenderly as a mother could have done, but it was Charlie who spent nights in watching by his sister's sick-bed, who devoted every moment that was his own to waiting upon her, and who tried during her recovery to anticipate her slightest wish, and so make some small amends for all she had suffered for his sake.

And Alice's goodness and self-sacrifice had made an impression on her brother's mind which never faded. He went on steadily in business and regained Mr. Vale's confidence so entirely that at the end of the year he rose to a higher post; he learned to resist the temptations which came in his way from the company into which he was sometimes thrown, and became so saving and industrious that his mother's

wish bade fair to be realized, and Charlie was already talking of the time when he shall make a nice little home for Alice, and he dreamed bright visions of prosperity and wealth all to be shared with her, some of which may come true and some of which will be never realized.

But Alice's great happiness is to see Charlie what his mother hoped and prayed he might be—faithful in his duty to others, and although the thought of his temptations and fall can never be anything but sad, she thanks God who has brought so much good out of all the evil.

Her other early hope and desire seems as far as ever from being realized, for Charlie needs her still, and she has learned to see that there lies her work of God, that in her own home in quiet daily duties, all unknown and unnoticed by any human eye, she is best fulfilling the divine will, and so she is content—leaving herself, her future, and all that may give joy or sorrow, in the hands of him who has been so good, so merciful in the past.

THE DIVINE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH

EXHIBITED BY THE FAITH AND PRACTICE OF CATHOLICITY IN REGARD
TO THE BIBLE.

THE absolute necessity of divine faith is manifestly established by the Apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews (11:6) where he says, "*Without faith it is impossible to please God;*" and it is inculcated by many other portions of the sacred volume (John 8:24; Eph. 6:16; Mark 16:15). In the Gospel of St. Mark our Divine Master not only declares faith to be essential to salvation, but moreover extends its necessity not merely to one or two articles, but to the

whole of the good tidings, which the apostles were ordered to preach to every creature, adding, "*He that will not believe shall be condemned.*"

The necessity of divine faith being so urgent, and its extent so comprehensive, it is consequently a matter of the most vital importance for those who hope for salvation through Jesus Christ that they should be in possession of some certain rule which may determine, among the almost innumerable con-

tradictory principles circulated by men, as the genuine doctrines of revelation, what are truly the good tidings preached by the apostles, to disbelieving which, condemnation is annexed by the mouth of the Saviour of the world. For *truth can be but one*; and of the multitude of contending religions claiming to possess it, one only can be that religion which Christ came from heaven to reveal, which he enjoined the apostles to teach, and with which he promised that the spirit of *truth should abide forever*.

That it is consonant with the divine wisdom and goodness to furnish with the necessary helps those who are in earnest in their desires of discovering the true doctrines of belief, no one can reasonably doubt. Can we indeed believe that Christ should have attached so much importance to his preaching and instructions as to have devoted thereto three whole years of fatigues and contradictions, that he should have enjoined the ministry of the word on his disciples as one of the most important of their duties, that, following the example and precepts of their Divine Master, his disciples should have exhausted themselves by their labors and travels in dispensing to mankind the doctrines they had received from the Redeemer? Can we believe all this, as we are bound to do, and at the same time entertain such an unworthy idea of the love and power of our Saviour, as to imagine that knowing the obscurity of human judgments, the various situations in which men are placed, the endless varying interpretations which would be hereafter given to his words, he should have been so regardless, whether his doctrines were believed in the same sense taught by him, as not to have appointed some certain means, through the help of which the truth might easily become known to all

who sincerely seek it? No, such things cannot be entertained for a moment even in slight suspicion.

It follows, therefore, from the foregoing considerations, as also from many positive testimonies of the sacred writings which are familiar to all, that God has been pleased to appoint a guide whereby all those who sincerely seek the truth may, amidst the conflicting controversies which perplex mankind, be directed to it; and since faith, to be divine and supernatural, must exclude all doubt, it follows, moreover, that the guide appointed by God must be secure from every error; for if "*the blind lead the blind both fall into the pit*."

Those outside the Catholic Church, one and all, maintain that the only guide from which we are to learn the doctrines of revelation is the Holy Bible. Scripture, they perpetually exclaim, is the sole rule of faith. It is laid down by them as a primary fundamental principle, that the Scriptures contain every doctrine of belief, to the express exclusion of tradition and a divinely authorized exposition: "*So that (as some express it) whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith*." Against such principles we contend as being erroneous, and our object will be adequately accomplished if we shall be able to show,

1st. That the doctrine concerning the sole and exclusive sufficiency of the Scriptures is not substantiated by proofs, either evident or presumptive.

2d. That it is contrary to the express language of Scripture itself.

3d. That it is in contradiction with the general belief and practice of even its abettors, and that it leads to the most dreadful consequences.

In the first place, then, the principle of the sufficiency of Scripture

having been opposed, not much more than three centuries ago, to the universal belief of Christendom, ought to appear manifest by the most unexceptionable proofs, and those too from the written word of God. So demonstrative ought to be those proofs as to admit of no solution. For, as Protestants acknowledge no visible authority whereby the true meaning of the Scripture may be determined, the very fact that the meaning of the texts, urged in support of the exclusive sufficiency of Scripture, can be shown to be inapplicable to the point, cuts away from Protestants the foundation on which their proof stands. Now where are those manifest passages of Scripture in their favor? Not one can be produced! Some texts of the Bible are brought forward for this purpose, but they have been solved triumphantly over and over again by Catholics. I beg the sincere inquirer after truth to weigh, without partiality, the passages from the Scripture which Protestants usually allege on this question, and he will, I am confident, be convinced that not one of them goes far enough to establish the position which it is intended to prove; they merely recommend the study and practice of the lessons of faith and morality that are taught by the Church, but do not make the Bible the only and perfect rule of faith.

As an evidence of what I affirm I will direct attention to a few texts. In the fifth chapter of St. John it is related that Christ said to the Jews, "*Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting, and the same are they that give testimony of me; and you will not come to me that you may have life.*" It is, at least, doubtful whether Christ spoke imperatively, ordering them to search, or whether he merely stated what they did, saying, "*You search.*" St. John Chrysostom, Beza, with

many of the best biblical scholars, are of opinion that the latter is the correct translation of the Greek original. But supposing, not admitting, that Christ directed them *to search*, are we thence to conclude that he referred to the Scriptures as the sole and exclusive rule of faith? Not at all; to do so would be downright blasphemy. For he was *the way, the truth; and the life*, and having called on all the flock *to hear his voice* as the good shepherd, he could not have referred to the Scriptures from himself. It is plain that he rebuked them, for (like many modern Bible readers) whilst they thought to have life everlasting in the Scriptures, they would not come to Christ that they might have life; and although the Scriptures gave testimony of the Redeemer, so graceless, so blind, were those self-sufficient, all-sufficient, and insufficient Bible readers, that they put the holy one to death. In the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we find the Bereans praised because "*they received the word with all eagerness, daily searching the Scriptures whether the things were so.*" Here there is not a word in favor of the Protestant position. We are told that these men received the word with all eagerness. Whence did they receive it? Was it from Scripture? No, but from Paul and Silas, who were preaching amongst them. They afterwards searched the Scriptures; and why? Because they were told to do so; because they were referred to particular portions by their teachers, otherwise they would not know what particular portion should be read. He would be a senseless man who would pretend to say that Paul, after giving them the word, yes, the word of life, would afterwards praise them for searching for motives of assent or dissent. Another passage which I will notice has been boastingly produced, al-

though it is an evidence against the very system which it was supposed to uphold. This passage is found in the Second Epistle to Timothy, third chapter, fifteenth verse: "*From thy infancy thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which can instruct thee to salvation by the faith which is in Christ Jesus.*" Timothy was brought up from his infancy in the fear and love of God; accordingly he knew the Scriptures, not by his own independent reading, not by his own exposition, but like the other Hebrew youths who were taught in the synagogue, as St. Paul had been, who says, in the twenty-second chapter of Acts, third verse, "*At the feet of Gamaliel he was taught according to the truth of the law of the fathers.*" Did Timothy form his creed through his own interpretation of what he had thus learned? No, but by "*the faith which he had in Jesus Christ.*" How did he obtain that faith? By the instruction of Paul, who had told him in the preceding verse, "*Continue thou in those things which thou hast learned, and which have been committed to thee, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.*" So, Bible or no Bible, Timothy was to continue in the things he had heard, and he was to apply his scriptural knowledge according to the standard "*of faith in Christ Jesus.*"

But if evident proofs from the inspired writings in support of the exclusive sufficiency of Scripture are wanting, *presumptive* proofs, supposing, not admitting such to exist, are of no service. For, though ever so cogent, they cannot alone suffice to show that the doctrine they uphold is an object of *divine faith*; since divine faith cannot rest on probability or presumption, but only on the clear testimony of God.

On the other hand, we have the strongest reason for believing that

the divine founder of the Christian religion did not intend that the Scriptures should be *the exclusive rule of faith*. For had he so designed, had he thought that it was impossible for tradition to preserve in their purity his divine revelations, it is quite improbable that he would have omitted to charge his disciples with the important obligation of committing to writing a full exposition of all the truths which he communicated to them for the information of mankind. Now our opponents ought to show that Christ did issue such a charge to his disciples. But neither the language of Christ nor that of the inspired writers, nor the conduct observed by the latter in publishing the New Testament, nor any testimony of the primitive Church, afford the least probability for such a conclusion. Nay, it appears that the very contrary is the case.

As it was by *preaching* that Christ communicated his divine doctrines, so by *preaching* did he commission his followers to manifest them to the world. St. Paul, instead of referring to any commands that he should write the revelations he had received, declares in the following terms the nature of the obligation to which he was held: "*If I preach the Gospel, it is no glory to me; for woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.*" In like manner it is rather to his preaching that in many places he makes reference, than to his written epistles, or the written gospels of Matthew and Mark, which were then published.

Moreover, had the apostles received an order from Jesus Christ to commit to writing all the doctrines which mankind were to believe, would any of them have delayed its fulfilment, as St. John did, until *upwards of sixty years* after the ascension of Christ? Would only five out of the twelve

apostles have been exact in their obedience? Would not all have exhibited their compliance by at least a formal and public testimony of their approbation of those writings which others had penned? Besides, if the apostles had been ordered, or even if they had designed to leave in writing, the whole of the truths which Christ taught, and men were to believe, "*so that whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith,*" is it too much to expect that agreeably to the suggestions of human prudence they would have rendered their exposition of revealed truths *so methodical, so clear, and so ample* that it could not easily be mistaken, even by the ignorant part of mankind?

Now it is notorious that between the different books which compose the New Testament there is little or no professed connection; that in the same book the transitions are frequently so abrupt as to render the meaning almost unintelligible; that the most sublime matters are frequently discussed with a conciseness, an obscurity, and an elevation in the style, sentiments, and diction, which have oftentimes been a stumbling-block to the most learned. So far are we from meeting with any proof of their having been the consequence of a divine command, or the result of a common design, we find several years elapsed before even the gospel of St. Matthew was published, and we learn from Eusebius, an early writer of the fourth century, that we are indebted for each of the four gospels to fortuitous occurrences. Thus he informs us (Hist., l. 3, E. 24) that ST. MATTHEW, after having preached in Judea, and being about to undertake the conversion of the Gentiles, penned his gospel that he might leave to the Jews a perpetual memorial of

his preaching. The same author relates, on the authority of Papias and St. Clement of Alexandria, that ST. MARK wrote his gospel neither by his own free choice nor at the command of St. Peter, but at the earnest solicitation of the Roman converts. ST. LUKE himself tells us, at the beginning of his first chapter, that he published his gospel to refute the false narrations of the actions of Jesus Christ which many ignorant and presumptuous persons had published. ST. JOHN, we are informed by Eusebius and St. John Chrysostom, preached the Gospel almost to the end of his life without writing; and St. Irenæus and Jerome mention that at length, when almost worn out by extreme old age, he was compelled by the entreaties of the bishops of Asia to compose his gospel against the rising heresy of the Ebionites, who denied the divinity of Christ; whence it is probable that had no such heresy sprung up, we should not have had this work of the beloved disciple. To accidental events we are also indebted for the epistles of St. Paul and of the other canonical writers. Most of them display internal evidence that they owe their origin to the necessities of one or the other of the newly established churches. They are designed *sometimes* to put a stop to the contests between the Jews and Gentiles concerning their respective superiority; *sometimes* to regulate the conduct which should be observed towards a scandalous brother; *sometimes* to correct those who gloried in the exterior works of the law and in mere ceremonial observances; *sometimes* to combat the abuses or vices into which certain congregations or individuals had fallen; *sometimes* to return thanks for the relief afforded to their needy brethren; *to gratify their zeal* by an account of the progress of the Gospel; and *to encourage them* amidst the peculiar

necessities under which they labored. But nowhere do we find any of the inspired writers proposing to furnish the church which he addresses with a written record of all the doctrines and duties inculcated by our divine Redeemer for belief and practice, or insinuating any commission from Christ for that purpose.

Neither from the conduct of the primitive Christians does the doctrine of the exclusive sufficiency of Scripture receive any authority. Had, indeed, the disciples of the apostles been taught by them to hold "*that whatever is not written in the Bible, or proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith,*" they would have been bound to adopt precautions for securing the advantages of the written word to themselves, and for transmitting them to future ages, similar to those which in these days some persons deem of such importance. They should have provided a vast collection of copies of the Holy Scripture; they should have established societies for the dissemination of the divine word; they should have everywhere instituted schools wherein children and adults might learn to acquaint themselves with the sole rule of faith; they should have produced translations of the Bible into the language of every nation to which the faith was carried. The neglect of such precautions (whereby alone, supposing the truth of the Protestant system, they could have insured the faith committed to them against human corruption) would have been unaccountable. Do facts, however, demonstrate that any such precautions were adopted? No, not one. We know from the works of ancient Christian writers that ST. ANDREW preached the faith of Christ to the Scythians; that ST. THOMAS announced it by word to the Indus, the Medes, the Parthians, the Hyr-

canians, Hindoos, and various savage tribes; that ST. PHILIP, ST. BARTHOLOMEW, and other apostles, spread the doctrines of their divine Master among remote and barbarous countries; but we do not read that they wrote themselves or took pains to teach to the multitude of their converts the writings of others. We know, moreover, that prior to the discovery of printing the labor of transcribing books was long and tedious; that the copies of each work were consequently very limited; that their cost was very high; that hence the number of those who were able to procure the Holy Scriptures, and, when procured, to read them, especially at the early period of Christianity, was very small.

Finally, earlier than the fifth century we discover no traces of a translation of the Bible into the African, Illyrian, Scythian, Celtic, Irish, or Spanish languages; yet we have positive evidence that in the *fourth century* there existed Christian churches in nations where such were the vernacular tongues. Now if nothing was to be believed except what could "*be proved by the Scriptures,*" an immense majority of Christian converts, having been totally unable to read the Scriptures, or even to procure a copy of them in a language which they could understand, would have been excluded from the only means of acquiring and transmitting a knowledge of the true faith. Is it at all probable that our wise and indulgent Redeemer would have instituted for the "*only rule of faith*" a method involving so many difficulties?

The difficulties which I have brought forward are not imaginary; they actually existed universally in the times succeeding the apostles, and continued in some degree until the fifteenth century, in which the art of printing was invented. Accordingly, St. Iren-

æus, a writer of the second century, informs us that in his time there were many barbarous nations *“which without paper and ink have the words of salvation written in their hearts, and carefully guard the doctrine which has been delivered to them.”*

It follows, therefore, that the ex-

clusive sufficiency of Scripture for the rule of faith has not the support of even presumptive evidence, but that the strongest evidence is in reality opposed to it; and that the faith and practice of Catholicity are in harmony with the teaching of Jesus Christ.

THE ASSUMPTION.

THERE are sweet sounds, as of voices
 Blending with the softest strains
 Of the glad-souled warbling lyre,
 Floating o'er the trembling plains
 Of the sapphire heaven.

Hark, the music! Viewless spirits
 Hymn around th' Eternal Throne;
 And as the free string of the wind-harp,
 Throbs, to every magic tone,
 The balmy air of even.

Soft th' aerial sweetness stealing
 O'er the golden-crownèd vales;
 The streams their joyous hearts are gushing,
 And fairy echoes fill the dales.

And nearer swells the mystic music—
 O, my soul hath caught the words,
 As breathèd by the lips celestial
 To the pulse of heavenly chords.

“Hail, Queen of Heaven! Hail! All hail!
 Mother of Creation's King!
 Hail, Ever-blessed Mary!—thou
 Cell of purity—mercy's spring!

“Hail, regal Virgin! whose fair soul,
 Though robed in impure clay,
 Unsullied shone. Hail, glory-zoned!
 Thou, brighter than the star of day!

“Hail! whose pure womb the Thunder-girt,
 The great God we adore,
 The Lord of lords, the justest Judge,
 The world's Redeemer, bore.

“Hail! thou our mild, our spotless Queen;
 Sweet Spouse of the Divinity!
 To thee be praise unending given,
 Bright ‘Lily of the Trinity!’ ”

THE VATICAN BASILICA.

"What wondrous monument—
What pile is this?"—CHATTERTON.

OF Rome's patriarchal churches, though second in rank, the first in grandeur is the Vatican Basilica. This shrine, as is well known, preserves the relics of Christianity's pioneers, and is dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles.

When viewed from a Latian or Sabine Mountain, even at a distance of about twenty miles, St. Peter's cross-surmounted dome may be seen towering, in isolated majesty, above the city of the seven hills. The Believer and the Infidel, the Christian and the Jew, gaze upon it, if not with equal respect, at least with equal admiration: for the baptized may well feel within so sacred a place the presence of the Deity; while Hebrews must acknowledge that a nobler substitute for Jerusalem's fallen temple has never yet been raised to the God of Israel.

Such alien critics as Gibbon, De la Lande, Forsythe, and Byron, have been enthusiastic in praise of Rome's Vatican Basilica. Even the skeptic Dupaty avowed that a visit to St. Peter's Church sufficed to fix his thoughts on God and eternity.

According to the account of it by Richard Lassells (A.D. 1679): "You will wonder, perchance, when you shall hear that this church is the eighth wonder of the world; that the pyramids of Egypt, the walls of Babylon, the Pharos, the Colosseum, &c., were but mere heaps of rubbish compared to this fabric; that it hath put all antiquity to the blush, and all posterity to a nonplus; that its several parts are all incomparable masterpieces; its pictures all originals; its statues perfect models; that the prime architects of the world—San-gello, Bramante, Raffaele, Michael

Angelo, Fontana, Maderno, and Hermini—have brought it to that perfection that the whole church itself is nothing but the quintessence of merit and wealth, strained into a religious design of making a handsome house to God."

Since Mr. Lassell's pilgrimage, nearly two centuries have elapsed; and, considering the adjuncts and improvements made to the edifice by munificent Pontiffs, Childe Harold's address may not be deemed an exaggeration:

"Oh Thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True,
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be,
Of earthly structure to His honor piled
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty—all are
aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

The exterior illumination of St. Peter's Church is an electrifying spectacle on festive occasions. The cupola is twice metamorphosed, as it were, into a hemisphere of light. The earliest illumination at night-fall displays the building's architectural outline to great advantage. For this purpose are prepared 4400 lamps of a cylindrical form. The task of the lamplighters is apparently not without peril. It is alarming to witness them at work, grasping ropes suspended high in the air, swinging to and fro, from architrave to pediment, from frieze to cornice, and from capital to pillar, to arrange their lanterns in symmetrical order.

An hour later, a thousand larger lamps are enkindled simultaneously. To accomplish the changes with all possible speed, at proper distances, on the cupola, three hundred and sixty men are suspended with ready lighted though concealed torches. At a third signal from the belfry, the cross on the apex of the dome suddenly glitters into flame; the rest of the enormous

fabric then seems to ignite, and to burst forth into a splendid conflagration.

A flood of vivid light soon spreads itself over surrounding objects. At a distance, not unlike an aerial phenomenon, spangled with stars, the fiery dome seems to be agitated by a mysterious hand, and to hang suspended from the vast canopy of heaven.

The Vatican home of Christ's Vicar upon earth suggests some discursive, and not uninteresting, reflections did time and space now permit to turn over the wide pages of its history.

Chattard confesses that his (three octavo volumes) description of the Vatican cost him sixteen years'

labor. This will, perhaps, not astonish when one reflects that, besides the Basilica fifteen-fold larger than Solomon's temple, he had also two church-like chapels, twenty-two court-yards, twelve assembly halls, 11,000 chambers, several galleries, twenty-two immense staircases, not to mention other minor avenues, to measure and survey.

To form an adequate idea of the Vatican's extent and size, an observer should survey its churches, chapels, piazzas, colonnades, galleries, libraries, museums, offices, gardens. Let him also bear in mind that the site of all these irregular buildings is said to cover a space as large in circumference as the old city of Turin.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF THE IRISH BRIGADES IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE from the Revolution in Great Britain and Ireland under James II to the Revolution in France under Louis XIV. By John Cornelius O'Callaghan. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher. 1874.

We regret that our space is not sufficient to enable us to give a thorough and more complimentary criticism to the splendid work, rich and massive in its exterior adornments, but far more valuable in its intrinsic wealth of historical lore and soul-stirring sentiment. If there be one thing that more than any other proves the patriotism of the Irish race it is their zeal in preserving as monuments of former glories the records of her national existence, and though they perpetuate many a tale of sadness, the very earnestness with which they are collected and preserved prove that they can never cover a tale of shame. There is a quaint old rhyme which says:

If I were King of France,
Or what's better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home.

This certainly was never the spirit that actuated the English government in its policy towards Ireland, for while in time of peace England's cruelties drove her Irish subjects from their homes by thou-

sands to seek relief in emigration, so in time of war she, through the same tyrannical conduct, lost their services as soldiers. The mistake she made was like all the mistakes and selfish shortsightedness of meanness, and rebounded to her own disadvantage. The "weeping maids" of Ireland became, in the lands of their exile, the mothers that reared a foeman host to weaken Britain's power, while the Irish "fighting men abroad" proved the most valiant heroes of the country that adopted them, and the most irresistible of the champions in the foreign armies against which England had to contend.

We need not pause upon this old, old story of Irish valor in war. Every student of history knows it, every poet has sung it, every orator has grown eloquent over it, every modern battlefield of both continents has given the proof of it, but Mr. O'Callaghan has, following up the example of so many of his own race who, as we suggested above, love to repeat the story of Erin's glory, selected this special portion of it, as exhibited in the armies of France, as his theme, devoting to it twenty-five years of labor and research, in order that the treatment might be full, copious, and every way worthy of the subject. Such labors of love could not be and have not been in vain. THE AUTHOR HAS SUCCEEDED. Where now

is the Irish heart who will not respond in gratitude; where the son or daughter of Erin, or even the historical student of any nationality who can pass by with merely a cold glance of commendation this elegant work? Not by any means a minor feature is a collection of portraits and maps, with which the book is embellished, while the binding and general typographical features are notably praiseworthy.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Mgr. Gaume, Prothonotary Apostolic. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1873.

The publication of *The Christian Cemetery in the Nineteenth Century*, which we reviewed in the June number of **THE RECORD**, has drawn our attention to this companion work of the same author, and we hope some of these days in the near future to be able to direct our critical notice to the third sister volume, *The Angelus in the Nineteenth Century*, which has as yet failed to appear in English dress. All these books of Monseigneur Gaume are beautiful in style, exhaustive, and original in research. They open up new pathways of charming, instructive, and impressive thought, on subjects which, from close familiarity, have become commonplace to our minds, if we may apply such a term to sacred themes. Moreover, they come upon the literary world at a moment when their religious truths are especially necessary of inculcation as a counteracting influence to the persisting tendencies of modern infidelity and uncontrolled immorality. The all-conquering banner of the cross is the symbol of Christ's triumphant march in every period of ecclesiastical history. Through it the Church was established. Under it the soldiers of the Christian warfare must ever rally to the perpetuation and extension of Christ's temporal kingdom. Soldiers do not rally round a tattered standard, emblem of grief and distress; therefore, to inspire the combatants of the present era, Monseigneur Gaume has, as it were, unfolded anew, in the strong sunlight of beautiful inspiration, this labarum of the heavenly hosts. His reasons for undertaking this noble effort, and the occasion which first called it forth, he gives us succinctly in the preface, and in proof of the admirable effect of his work, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, has crowned it with a commendatory brief, and enriched, at the suggestion of Monseigneur Gaume,

the Sign of the Cross itself with a special indulgence.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SAINT CATHERINE OF GENOA. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

Mystical works, we are well aware, are not to the taste of a large majority of secular readers, yet they have their appointed place and mission in the economy of the Church, serving to raise many souls even from amidst the distractions and temptations of mundane affairs to a high degree of spirituality, and it is only because, by indiscriminate and injudicious use, they affect badly balanced or unoccupied minds, and sometimes intoxicate even strong ones, that their perusal should be at least undertaken with great caution and very sparingly. It is somewhat strange, however, that this saintly daughter of Genoa *la superba*, should present in her own career all the vicissitudes of a life, ranging from the extremes of worldliness to that of spiritual sublimity, a checkered career as daughter, wife, and widow, displaying in its phases how temptation, under the insidious form of worldliness, may at times fascinate even the most devout and sober minds, yet how in the end, conformity to the inspirations of grace will snatch the weakened soul like a brand from the burning.

St. Catherine of Genoa was no silly ecstatic, no New England transcendentalist; her practical experience and knowledge of the horizon shades of the spiritual life was sufficiently extensive to neutralize with a tinge of sobriety its zenith splendor of mysticism, and prevent it from reducing her soul's activity to a state of balmy noonday lassitude. Thus, it was her all-conquering patience in the hour of trial that merited for her the grace of being caught up like St. Paul, and to be allowed to tranquilly revel, not as a natural effect, but as a special reward, in the illuminating centre of celestial light.

Rev. Father Hecker contributes a fine preface to the work, which we gladly recommend to those whose tastes run in the line of reading it represents.

GERALD MARSDALE, or the Outquartars of Saint Andrew's Priory; a tale of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By Mrs. Stanley Carey. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1874.

A well-written and interesting story, although a hasty perusal leads us to infer that the language and mannerisms of the characters are perhaps too much modern-

ized to be suitable to the period in which the plot is laid, which, however, is but one fault amid many merits.

THE HISTORY OF PEDAGOGY. By W. N. Hailman. Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co. 1874.

Twelve lectures delivered before the Teachers' Institute of the "Queen City of the West," and serving to sketch in a concise form the gradual growth of the leading principles of modern education, and by the example of the labors of the most prominent thinkers and workers in the field of Pedagogy, to revive the spirit and instruct the minds of modern teachers in regard to the noble aims of their profession.

**THE READING CLUB.
THE COLUMBIAN SPEAKER.**

These are the titles of two excellent little books, devoted to the compilation of selections in prose and poetry, humorous, serious, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic, suitable for declamations, readings, and recitations. The former edited by Geo. M. Baker, the latter by Loomis J. Campbell and Oren Root, Jr. They are from the publishing house of Lee & Shepard, Boston, and are well arranged and carefully edited, the collections including some of the newest and most popular pieces for reading, and very convenient in the size of the volumes. We miss, however, from both the very popular farm ballad of Will Carlton, *Betsy and I Are Out*. Perhaps we shall find it in a new edition.

THE PEOPLE'S MARTYR; a legend of Canterbury, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. One vol., 16mo. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1874.

CLOISTER LEGENDS; or Convents and Monasteries of the Olden Time. By Elizabeth M. Stewart. One vol., 16mo., cloth. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1874.

THE KING AND THE CLOISTER; or Legends of the Dissolution. By Elizabeth M. Stewart. One vol., 16mo., cloth. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1874. All received through Cunningham & Son.

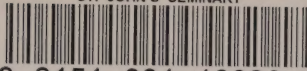
Three beautiful volumes of stories illustrative of English history in the days that tried the souls of the children of the English Church. We know not why, but somehow themes of story which are cast in "merrie Englande of ye olden time" are peculiarly grateful, but when they delineate in addition the struggles of that unhappy land ere she surrendered

her faith, they fire the imagination and heart with electric brilliancy and fervor. These three books may be most appropriately classed together, for though the historic epochs they intend to portray were wide apart, yet the theme of which they treat, namely, the contest between the Church and the throne, which resulted in the terrors of the Reformation and monastic dissolution, that crown with culminated horror the days of the Eighth Henry, was but the natural result of the conflict begun by the second monarch of that name, which was temporarily stayed by the firmness of the great Chancellor A'Becket, whose self-sacrificing devotion and crying martyr-blood procured for his unhappy land this respite from the accumulating wrath of heaven. We cannot too deeply impress upon our readers the worth of these little volumes; rich in correct historical lore, as fascinating in style and as exciting in plot as any of Walter Scott's more pretentious tomes. In descriptions of sunset effects, ruined abbeys, and scenic climaxes, the authoress seems to possess a charmed potency of grace and versatility. The only possible objection which can be brought against these stories being that some of the plots may be too tragic. Let the young be trained in the lessons of history and in the glorious inspirations of faith from such books, while adult readers will find in them a refreshing exhalation of pure literature which cannot fail to revive minds enervated by the deteriorating influences of most modern publications. *The People's Martyr* deserves special mention for its handsome cover, adorned with a gilded vignette, representing the martyrdom of the saintly Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE AMATEUR ACTOR. A collection of plays for school and home. By W. H. Venable, author of *June on the Miami*, and other poems; *A School History of the United States*, &c. New York and Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

Just the book for these days of the ever popular and delightful style of entertainment known as "amateur theatricals." Such domestic efforts at "stage business" are frequently accompanied by many drawbacks in the details of scenery, dresses, and all the countless little minor arrangements. Such difficulties it is the aim of this book to remove, besides furnishing a short selection of brief parlor and school plays. It is replete with numerous fine woodcuts explanatory of the instructions it gives, and on the whole we gladly recommend it.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



3 8151 001 16023 0

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS

